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THE NEW PERSONALITY

By
Frederick F. Shannon, D.D.

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AND OTHER SERMONS

BY

FREDERICK F. SHANNON

PASTOR OF THE REFORMED CHURCH-ON-THE-HEIGHTS, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Author of "The Soul's Atlas," Etc.



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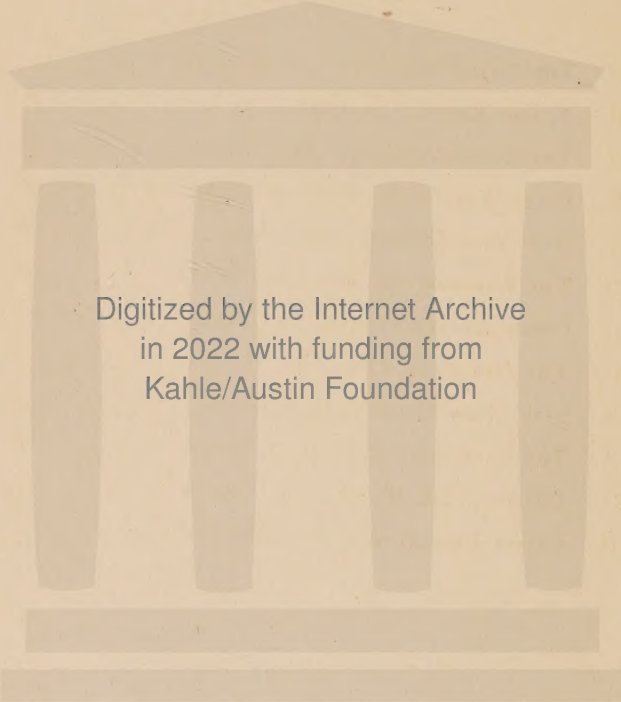
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To
Anton A. Raven,
For More Than Fifty Years
A Member of the
Reformed Church-on-the-Heights
This Volume is Dedicated
With
Reverence and Admiration



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I

THE NEW PERSONALITY

"Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except one be born from above, he cannot see the kingdom of God."—ST. JOHN III:3.

IF it were possible to sever Christ's teaching from Christ's person, we should be justified in saying that His sway over men is explained by the majesty of His themes. God, Love, Man, Heaven, Hell, Truth, Justice—these are the peaks upon His mountains of thought. He says the last word upon final subjects. He talks to one man so grandly that He talks to all men forever. He employs the near-by to interpret the far-away; He makes the distant illumine the near-at-hand. Disclosing the intimacy of the seen and the unseen, He discloses the secret of walking in the visible by the power of the invisible. He dignifies earth by opening heaven; He greatens man by revealing God; He values the soul because He understands it. Christ's mission is primarily to create new men and new women. He loved things—birds, animals, trees, hills, lakes, wind, and rain. And is He not the supreme philanthropist? What other humanitarian compares with Him? What academy has heard such words as He spoke?

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Yet it is perfectly clear that nature-lover, philanthropist, humanitarian, and teacher do not begin to express Him. Indeed, such terms do not altogether fit in with Him; they fall hopelessly short of His reality. He was all these, but so much more that they seem inconsequential. By creating new men He guarantees the right kind of new social order. He does not greatly care for the old, once-born man in a new environment. Get the new personality, He says, and all things in heaven and earth will gather in harmony about it. The modern peril is inner blindness caused by the dazzle of outer newness. We are splashers in shallows rather than swimmers in depths. To have constantly new and better things is a part of man's promised dominion; to become their victim instead of their master is to lose the soul without even gaining the world. The new personality must precede the new universe, new souls the new heavens and the new earth.

I

Our Lord declares the absolute necessity of the new personality: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except one be born from above, he cannot see the kingdom of God." The necessity is based upon the divinely ordained goal of a human being. And what is that? What is God's ultimate purpose for man? Just this: that he may "see the kingdom of God." To see the kingdom of God can mean noth-

ing less than having God's own life in the soul. "But," you ask, "is not every man a son of God? Did not God at the beginning create man in His own image?" Undoubtedly that is true. None but God could produce a human being. Every man shares the vast fund of life in the universe. Moreover, every man is a miniature of the universe—that is, he is a little universe within the big universe. Furthermore, by virtue of his endowment, man stands apart from the other orders of creation. Like the lower orders in many ways, yet man is so unlike them as to place him in another class altogether. A bird that wings the blue is wonderful; a fish that swims the deep is amazingly wrought; the lion, the tiger, the serpent, the horse—what dread Power brought them into being! Sharing a part of the life they share, yet a human is gifted with powers that lift him into quite other spheres. What are wings to thought? What are fins to speech? What are fangs to imagination? What are muscles to memory? Surely, the unlikeness is more emphatic than the likeness. By nature man occupies a unique place.

But fronting the reality of the kingdom of God, gifted as he unquestionably is, and having also a native capacity for that kingdom, yet a man, however equipped, however cultivated, cannot see it without the second birth, the inbreathed life of the Holy Spirit, that comes from above and behind all natural kingdoms. This is the truth upon which the necessity of the new personality is based. In af-

firming it, Jesus used terms which Nicodemus did and did not understand. Every Gentile, to become a citizen of Israel, had to undergo the rite of baptism. Thus he was "naturalized" or "born again," and he was so described. Nicodemus understood this much; but that Christ went farther and meant more than this is evident from the ruler's question: "How can a man be born when he is old? can he enter a second time into his mother's womb and be born? how can a member of a Jewish Sanhedrin go back into the cell-state again?" This was indeed beyond the grasp of Nicodemus, and he frankly confessed it.

Let us be clear upon this point: The kingdom of the flesh is a mighty kingdom. Its horizons are far-flung, its territory is extensive, its dominions are marvellously rich. Yet this magnificent and amazing kingdom has very definite bounds. "That which is born of the flesh is flesh." And flesh and blood not only cannot inherit the kingdom of God, but they cannot "see" it, they cannot "enter" it. They are at once blind to its reality and unable to comply with its laws of citizenship. As a babe enters the world through the gateway of the flesh, man enters the kingdom of God through the gateway of the Spirit. One may assault the gates of the spiritual with weapons of flesh; yet those invisible but real gates yield not. One may storm the walls of the spiritual with skilfully wrought ladders of flesh; but they will only lead him up into thin air, and the height

will not be so marked as the air is thin. He may dip into the misty pools of the subconscious and rake among the ash-heaps of multiple personality until doomsday; but until the Holy Spirit of God in Christ Jesus begets him anew, vitalizes him with inflows of spiritual life from above, man is asleep to the kingdom of God. "The kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness, joy, and peace in the Holy Ghost."

One may be energetically awake to modern vagueness; he may indeed know the mental ecstasy caused by the brilliant philosopher's statements about the "inrush of life," and yet be dead to the life which is life indeed. On the contrary, alive to the sweet, thrilling power of the Christ's life-laden words, a man knows the immortal raptures of the undying. The new personality wears the inwrought splendour and vitality of eternal life. It is garbed in its own Christ-begotten, spiritual sublimity. Christianity can always adapt itself to new verbal expression—this is a mark of its divinity; but let none imagine that new phraseology is necessarily the vehicle of the new, eternal life. It may be; it ought to be; but frequently it is not. Like Paul, we still encounter Epicurean and Stoic philosophers; we still face the question "What will this babblers say?" Let us beware, then, lest we become mere scholastic babblers, mere social reformers, mere temporal opportunists, instead of custodians of the life that is first hid with Christ in God and then nobly expressed in our daily

walk. Our age needs to be reminded—and reminded in no uncertain terms—that interpreting physical and mental phenomena in perfectly fascinating and perfectly legitimate philosophic terminology is no guarantee of one's being the organ of the twice-born life. This is a keen distinction that needs to be keenly made.

Moreover, the unalterable necessity of the new personality is self-evident. Unfortunately, one does not have to go back to the first century for an example. Suppose you take the man in your own circle. He may be a man of affairs—a severely practical man, if you please—one of those sadly overworked creatures we Christians are constantly using to cover a multitude of our unchristian fads; he may be a plain, everyday man of the world, an honest, hardworking home-builder; he may be a man of the finest culture, a true disciple of the intellectual life; indeed, he may be, like Nicodemus himself, “a teacher of Israel.” Now talk to him about the “new birth,” about entering a kingdom as real as any of the natural kingdoms of which he is a part. Quickly enough you will be made to understand whether he “sees” the kingdom of God! As likely as not, he will either pity you as deluded, shun you as a fanatic, or tolerate you as one of his “friends who is decidedly queer.” The simple fact is: you and your friend live in worlds as spiritually distant as Neptune is spatially distant from the moon.

On my way to church this morning, I saw a bird

sitting atilt a telephone wire. He seemed perfectly content, a master of poise, and rather proud of his exalted position. Sitting on the wire, however, did not enable him to understand the messages passing over the wire. In the first place, the bird cannot understand human language. It does not belong to our kingdom. In the second place, if it could understand human speech, the little minstrel was in the wrong position for hearing it. He needed to be where the two persons were—at the telephone box, with its receiver and mouthpiece. Of course the analogy is not perfect. But it will at least suggest this truth: It is just as impossible for a purely flesh-born man to see the kingdom of God as it is for a bird upon a telephone wire to understand the conversation of the persons talking over it. "That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit." Horace Bushnell, who knew the intuitional philosophy before its present popular and acute expounder was born, but who also knew infinitely more than any philosophy can impart, declares in his great sermon on "Regeneration": "God's law of gravity will as soon put the sea on the backs of the mountains, as His terms of salvation will gather into life them that are not quickened in His Son." Ah! the spiritual nearness and the spiritual distance of souls is one of the appalling facts of human life. Breathing the same air, drinking the same water, seeing by the same sunlight, speaking the same tongue, we live in utterly

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different worlds, even though they be held together by laws of wondrous unity. As you walk down the great thoroughfare sometime, it will be worth your while to recall these lines of a poet about "Broadway":

"How like stars are these white, nameless faces!
These far innumerable living coals!
This pale procession out of stellar spaces,
This Milky Way of souls!
Each in its own bright nebulae enfurled,
Each face, dear God, a world!

"I fling my gaze out through the silent night—
In those far stars, what gardens, what high halls,
Has mortal yearning built for its delight,
What chasms and what walls?
What quiet mansions where a soul may dwell?
What Heaven and what Hell?"

II

Emphasizing the necessity of the new personality, our Lord also states the condition thereof: "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth may in Him have eternal life." The condition, then, of eternal life is the forgiveness of sin through faith in the atonement of Jesus Christ. Here is the ageless truth of the ages. This is the one hope of an era that takes a golden calf for its God and political economy for its moral law. When men lose their heads over dates they can recover their

sanity only through the grace of the dateless. When men ransack ancient documents in the hope of finding some verbal proof that they are not sinners, but only neurotic babes lost in the modern wood, then it is high time that their "faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null" existence were regenerated by the life-giving streams of the Son of God. Swinburne said a memorable thing of Victor Hugo: "I shall leave the dissection of names and the anatomy of probabilities to the things of chatter and chuckle so well and scientifically defined long since by Mr. Charles Reade as 'anonymuncules who go scribbling about.' " Do not the words hold a just and scathing rebuke of the preachers, teachers, philosophers, and scientists who also "go scribbling about," apologizing for the deadly, deadening, and withering power of sin? To say the least, they lack mental thews, moral sinews, Christian reality.

"I want to know," asks one preacher, "why it should be held so dreadful for human nature to do what cosmic nature is doing already; why should human sin be so appalling a problem when the very same deeds and qualities which constitute sin in us are so abundantly and potently exemplified in the lower creation, and were so ages before humanity was born?" It would be just about as illuminating and apropos to ask: A dog sleeps in a kennel—why should not you? A pig lives in a sty—why should not you? A horse sleeps in a stall—why should not you? Why? Because you are a human being, and

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not a dog, nor a pig, nor a horse. Why should not the cyclone that destroys, the cold that freezes, and the lightning that blasts be as morally responsible as you? I grant you that it is an absurd question. One feels like apologizing for asking it, but it is suggested by an absurd proposition. The physical forces are not immoral, but non-moral. You are moral by nature. You deserve no more credit for being moral and immortal than does a stone for being heavy, or water for being fluid, or night for being dark. You were created in the likeness of God. You are a person with the characteristics of personality. You can think, remember, will, love, hate, blaspheme, and pray. You are a responsible creature with heaven or hell before you, around you, within you. You will always be yourself, and that to eternity, and no theologic, philosophic, or scientific pink-and-water-perfume can make you otherwise. In his life of Henry Drummond, George Adam Smith tells of a meeting of the White Cross Society held in a University town. In the debate, a speaker argued that sin was not natural. When the meeting was over, a medical professor gathered some students about him and said: "That's gammon! The sin you have heard of to-night is natural." "The students to a man hissed him out of the room," says Doctor Smith. Brave boys, glorious youths, noble students! When any one—faddist, preacher, scientist, philosopher, or reformer—makes a mock at sin, saying that you are not personally responsible and

other mawkish jargon, may the God of Jesus Christ give you the moral manliness to hiss him out of your presence. He is traitor to Christ, traitor to himself, traitor to you, traitor to society.

Mr. Gladstone said the peril of modern society is the loss of the sense of sin. An additional peril is in the preachers and teachers who deal with sin in a flippant spirit and blaspheme the only Saviour who can forgive sin. Shadowed by a stained, unforgiven past, there can be for a man no clean present, no white future. Let us suppose that you began the new year, commercially speaking, upon a cash basis. You will run no more accounts; you will pay cash for everything you buy. Suppose, moreover, that you inform your grocery man of your new methods. "Now that I am to pay cash in the future," you naïvely say, "we will just consider our accounts square." "Not at all," he replies. "There are those back debts yet unpaid. You will have to liquidate them before our books will balance." The illustration may shock the supersensitiveness of the hypersensitive. Nevertheless, as Lowell said: "The universe is fire-proof, gentlemen, we can afford to strike a match." Similarly, the fact of sin is theory-proof; it must be reckoned with; it is the flaming sword that guards the entrance to the kingdom of God. You can have a universe *without* gravity just as easily as you can have a kingdom of God *with* sin. "It may be that God can forgive sin," said Socrates, "but I do not see how." Only Christ and

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the forgiven soul "see how." That sinful past, dark as tumbled midnight, must have the redeeming moral radiance streaming into it from the suffering heart of God. Calvary is the "budding morrow" in the midnight of the soul. Spiritual regeneration is more majestic than cosmic creation. Nicodemus would discuss physical miracles; Christ talks of a God-sent re-creator and Saviour. Nicodemus seeks a lecture hall; Christ sends him to Calvary. There, as Joseph Parker said, we have the awful fact of "dying innocence struggling with dead guilt." The primary condition, then, of the new personality is this: Man must ask and receive forgiveness before he can live as a forgiven and forgiving son of God.

"Strange wares are handled on the wharves of sleep:
Shadows of shadows pass, and many a light
Flashes a signal fire across the night;
Barges depart whose voiceless steersmen keep
Their way without a star upon the deep;
And from lost ships, homing with ghostly crews,
Come cries of incommunicable news,
While cargoes pile the piers, a moon-white heap—
Budgets of dream-dust, merchandise of song,
Wreckage of hope and packs of ancient wrong,
Nepenthes gathered from a secret strand,
Fardels of heartache, burdens of old sins,
Luggage sent down from ancestral inns,
And bales of fantasy from No-Man's Land!"

But if strange wares are handled on the wharves of sleep, glorious beacons flame along the coasts of redemption. Here are two: "The Son of Man hath

power on earth to forgive sins ”; “ The law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death.”

III

The creation of the new personality is the third thing emphasized by Christ: “ Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born from above. The wind bloweth where it will, and thou hearest the voice thereof, but knowest not whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit.” Here is the truth that forever sublimates human life: Man’s inmost being may find a new and true centre of gravity. Wonderful as it all is, Christ says regeneration is something at which one should not marvel. Knowing what was in man, He knew that man’s soul is never in its native air until the higher tones of God’s new creative power smite through his being. What is supernatural to men may be perfectly natural to God. That is why it is rather unbecoming for us to dogmatically assert the impossibility of miracles. We must not limit the illimitable, for the very good reason that we cannot. Marvel not, therefore, that an impure heart may be exchanged for a pure one; that a debased imagination may be transformed into a clean one; that a perverted will may be made into a holy one; that a lawless personality may become the veritable shrine of Deity. Knowing God in Christ, knowing

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Christ in His relation to human beings, knowing the nature of men and women like ourselves, would it not be marvellous indeed if there were no such spiritual reality as the new birth?

Space emptied of stars is not more unthinkable than souls deprived of the birth from above. Concerning this great truth our scholars have recorded the following facts: First, the regeneration period for girls is between the years of thirteen, sixteen, and eighteen; for boys, sixteen, preceded by a wavelet at twelve, surging up again at eighteen or nineteen. Second, regeneration is often sudden. Third, regeneration may be unconscious. Fourth, regeneration must not be stereotyped. Fifth, regeneration is a mystery. It would be interesting to elaborate upon each of these five authentic facts, but let us take the last two.

First, regeneration must not be stereotyped, standardized by hard-and-fast rules of human invention. We must remember, with Professor Bowne, that "God makes persons alike in the religious life as little as He makes them alike in mind or body or circumstances." The infinite variety exhibited in the physical world is seen in the world of souls. Stars differ in glory, and so do humans. Diversity is very dear unto God. Personal identity in the midst of boundless variety is one of the surpassing glories of human life set in a measureless universe. So, variations of the melody of eternal life are played by each soul in the holy society of the twice-born. Christ's

coming into the soul may be as various as the blades of grass, as the drops of dew, as the grains of sand, as the worlds that golden the midnight sky, no two of which, we are told, are exactly alike. Christ walks through the quiet chapels of the heart and strikes His own radiance into every unlit candle. He may come in upon the mystic barge of dreams, white as white sails upon summer seas, whispering: "I am the Captain of thy soul. Henceforth we sail the deeps of eternity together." He may come in an agony of despair. He may come in volcanoes of pain. He may come in the darkness of terrible anguish. He may come through a mist of fertile tears. He may come like a glad surprise, with a wonderful sweet power lifting us to heights immortal. He may come as lyric trumpets of joy blowing their spiritual reveille and summoning the soul to fight the good fight with soldierly courage. But, however and whenever He comes, we know that lesser joys wane; that old, disintegrating powers of evil release their grip upon the soul; that spiritual night fades before the soft illumination of His inner dawn.

To the variety of the spiritual life must be added its mystery. Indeed, all life is veiled in mystery. The scientist traces the worlds back to the cells whereby they live and grow, to the protoplasm which is the substance of the cells, to the elements of which protoplasm consists, to the molecules of the elements, to the atoms forming totally distinct ele-

mentary molecules, and, finally, to the system of revolving electrons, held together by gigantic forces. Verily, the God who toils as patiently upon an atom as upon a star is a God of mystery. Our Lord was keenly aware of the mystery of the new personality. "The wind," He said, "bloweth where it will, and thou hearest the voice thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit." The sailor out there on the East River this morning knows little enough about the origin of the wind. Moreover, he does not need to understand the mystery of the wind to appropriate its power. All he needs to do is to run up his sail, keep in the path of the wind, and that viewless energy will drive him to his goal.

Nor does a man need to fathom the mystery of the new personality in order to possess it. What he does need is to put himself within the sweep of its redeeming power. Let him run up the sail of penitence; let him offer a prayer for pardon; let him invoke the aid of the Holy Spirit, and he will find the ship of his soul strangely propelled by the power of God in Christ Jesus. The new personality is the result of the inrush and uprush of the creative power of the Holy Spirit, who flushes man's consciousness with the sense of eternal life. Here is life's last deep joy and ultimate wonder. It is a fitting prelude to the oratorios of eternity; it is a high beginning to an increasingly higher and endless ending; it is a worthy introduction to the radiant

society of redeemed spirits, who, having experienced the first and second births, are now enjoying the sweet fellowship of their third birth into a world where sorrow, tears, pain, and death are no more. The new personality is the crown and completion of the new universe, the new heavens, and the new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness. Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!

II

A SOUL EXPERT

"A certain Samaritan."—ST. LUKE x : 33.

BY way of distinction, ours is the age of specialists. There is hardly a human avocation that is without its experts. Our study for the morning has to do with people who are proficient in the weightiest concerns of life—matters of the heart and soul. In this familiar parable of the Good Samaritan, we have a character of perennial interest, a man whose brotherliness has fascinated every generation since his portrait was painted by Christ, and who has lessons for every thoughtful student and Christian in all ages. The parable is so well known that it is not worth while to spend our time in introducing the theme. Let us, therefore, turn at once to the Good Samaritan and see if he has not a message for each of us.

I

This soul expert is a flesh-and-blood treatise on the art of approach. While priest and Levite passed by on the other side, the Samaritan "came where he

was." There was a certain grace and fineness to this man's approach that made his very presence a healing, soothing power. There was no bluff abruptness, no self-conscious sense of duty, no offensive condescension about him. He had come upon a fellow man, wounded and dying, and while others had missed the opportunity of rendering aid, he was simply giving his own soul a golden holiday by assisting him. This does not mean that his service cost him nothing. All service worthy of the name represents an outlay of life, an expenditure of the deepest energies of one's being. But it does mean that this royal human brother was so accustomed to doing kindly things, so given to the ministry of helpfulness, that the inner sources of his being could be satisfied only by serving. The fact that nothing is said about his previous habits matters little. A man does not acquit himself so splendidly as this man did, in a time of accidental need, without a long period of training and practice. Heroism may flame out suddenly, but a hero is not suddenly grown. He is a product of the back-lying years.

Now, this matter of approach is of far-reaching importance. There is scarcely a problem in life with which it is not concerned. Many of our public questions, which seem to be hopelessly confused and confusing, could be answered—and answered in the interests of justice and righteousness—if we were masters in the wisdom of approaching them. Determined to find the truth, and nothing but the truth,

at their inmost heart, we should be disarmed of prejudice and passion, and, panoplied with the right which makes might, come where our stripped, beaten, wounded causes are, and lift them to the exalted heights from which they have been struck down. Crushed to earth, truth will, of course, rise again; but it will rise all the more quickly and conqueringly if truthful souls approach it in the spirit of truth, which is evermore the spirit of Christ.

Moreover, the efficiency of our service to wounded souls would be greatly increased if we better understood the art of approach. In numberless ways a gracious soul may help a hurt one. Sometimes by a word, a look, a letter, a prayer, an expression of confidence, a word of encouragement; sometimes by none of these, but just by our personal presence, we come where bleeding hearts are and sew up their wounds with the invisible stitches of love. The healing power of a clean, white soul is one of the fathomless glories of the universe. The Master exercised it in the days of His humiliation, and He is exercising it still. The present life of our Lord is seen in the men and women who are good-samaritanizing all about us. They are not their own, because they have been bought with a price; and yet they are most deeply and truly their own, because that precious price has purchased for them the sweet-blooming meadowlands of eternal life that lie on toward celestial hills. When two men entered

a flower house, the older asked: "Do you notice the predominance of the heliotrope's perfume?" The conservatory had many kinds of flowers—roses, orchids, geraniums, hyacinths, carnations—but the sweet fragrance of the heliotrope was sweetly predominant over all. And there are heliotrope souls, perfumed personalities that shed their healing balm upon us as we go our various ways in life.

Many years after Waterloo, the Duke of Wellington was kneeling at the communion table. When a very poor and obscure man saw the Duke in the act of kneeling alongside him, he started to move away. But the great soldier gently placed his hand upon the man's shoulder and said: "Please do not move, my brother: we are all equal here." Now, we are all agreed that it was no small feat to conquer Napoleon Bonaparte. Are we as emphatically agreed that, in the ultimate valuations, it is an even greater thing to conquer one's self? It is greater to rule one's spirit—to master the art of approach in eternal matters—than to take an empire and leave the soul's higher acquisitions untaken. F. W. H. Myers confessed to having "often a sense of great solitude, and of an effort beyond my strength; 'striving'—as Homer says of Odysseus in a line which I should wish graven on some tablet in my memory,—'striving to save my own soul and my comrades' homeward way.'" And, surely, the only clue to the deeper meanings of life is held by the souls who have greatly striven in the joyfully solemn

issues of human destiny,—experts in the godliness which is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come. Skilled in the blessed art of spiritual approach, really coming where people are, we know life at its dearest and deepest as well as at its strongest and best.

II

Another quality exhibited by this soul expert is his ability to see a man, a human being, a son of God, lying by the roadway. “He saw him!” It is said that both the priest and Levite saw this man who had fallen among robbers. But did they really see him? Did they not rather see so much water and clay and hydrogen, and the other elements composing the human body, lying there half dead? In a word, did they not see only the partially shattered, wrecked house in which an immortal spirit lived? Why, they seemed to see everything but him!

Ah! there are vast differences in the ways we see men. We look at their poverty or wealth, their ignorance or knowledge, their obscurity or notoriety, their sickness or health, and think that we have seen men. It is well enough to see men in these various ways; indeed it would be abnormal were it otherwise. But behind our half sights and broken glimpses, caused by trappings of circumstance, it is absolutely essential for us to see the man—the man made in God’s image, the man for whom Christ

died and rose again. Until we are able to see the stricken men along life's highways, all of our vaunted neighbourliness is worthless as chaff.

There are three compelling reasons why we must see the man : First, for Christ's sake. The honour of God is involved in the recovery of these stripped and beaten men all around us. I do not mean the submerged tenth, or the emerged eleventh. I am not thinking of any class; I am thinking of souls. Kindly remember that some of the poorest people in the world are those who eat out of golden vessels; and kindly remember, also, that some of the wealthiest feed on crusts. But whether rated by millions of dollars, by thousands, by hundreds, or by coppers, I say the honour of God, the character of the Eternal, is involved in their spiritual recovery. One of the gold-veined words of Scripture reads: "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have eternal life." God still loves the world, and if we see men, instead of their property or their poverty; if we see men, instead of the temporal setting of their lives, shall we not, for Christ's sake, tell them that "God is the personal Spirit, perfectly good, who, in holy love, creates, sustains, and orders all"?

Second, we must see the man for his own sake. We do not need to vigorously emphasize the holowness, the sheer emptiness of a Christless life—the man knows this keenly enough. Let us rather

show him that all the treasures of wisdom and goodness and truth and beauty and satisfaction are to be found in a life hid with Christ in God. A soul expert lays stress upon the positive and creative side of the Christian life. And this is the side Henley seems to have missed in his pagan lines:

“Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

“In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud;
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

“Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

“It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishment the scroll.
I am the master of my fate;
I am the captain of my soul.”

Now read Dorothea Day's answer to Henley:

“Out of the light that dazzles me,
Bright as the sun from pole to pole,
I thank the God I know to be
For Christ—the Conqueror of my soul.

“Since His the sway of circumstance
I would not wince nor cry aloud.
Under that Rule, which men call chance,
My head, with joy, is humbly bowed.

“Beyond this place of sin and tears,
That life with Him—and His the aid
That, spite the menace of the years,
Keeps, and will keep me, unafraid.

“I have no fear though strait the gate:
He cleared from punishment the scroll.
Christ is the Master of my fate!
Christ is the Captain of my soul!”

Third, we must see the man for our own sakes. We judge ourselves by the manner in which we see men. If we do not appraise men from Christ's viewpoint, we are flagrantly unchristian. The voice of twenty Christian centuries thunders that we are utterly without excuse if, commercially, socially, or personally, we regard men as mere chattels, as no better than sheep. The old pagan world will rise up in the judgment to condemn us. Knowing the infinite value Christ places upon souls we must turn that valuation to practical account. We must see men for our own vindication. May the Good Lord deliver us from contempt of our fellow mortals! It is one of the most deadly and deadening of spiritual poisons. And the constant antidote is the Christ-inspired gift of seeing people as God sees them—wrecked and ruined, it may be, but with possibilities of infinite attainment in the Lord.

III

We must also credit our soul expert with the gift of compassion. "And when he saw him, he was moved with compassion." Compassion is a heart-red word, and it means to "suffer with another." Macaulay speaks "of womanly ingenuity set to work by womanly compassion." A New York newsboy was run down by a trolley car. There was a pathetic scream, a crunching of bones, and the lad lay in the street with both legs crushed off below the knees. In an instant a fashionably dressed woman darted out of the crowd. She did not scream or faint. She sat down in the black mud of Cortlandt street, pillowed the boy's head in her lap, wiped his soiled, suffering face, and made him as comfortable as possible until the ambulance came and took him to a hospital. Then the woman disappeared from the scene as quickly as she had entered it. "It was not such a wonderful feat," you say. "It didn't cost her a cent. If her dress was ruined, she had a dozen more as good." Perhaps you are right, my friend, about the money cost and her dresses; but you are utterly wrong about the real cost. An ounce of compassion will outweigh several tons of gold. Was it not, indeed, womanly ingenuity set to work by womanly compassion? Of course, an angel might have done better, but this unknown woman didn't give him a chance—that's all. In writing about her, an editor said: "New

York should feel very proud of that woman who sat in the mud and cradled a doomed newsboy."

And the editor is right. Better than our vast commercial and social and educational interests, are the great souls, the kind hearts which are more than coronets, the men and women who, like their Master, are constantly moved with compassion for the multitudes and for individuals. Gifted with the soulful power of compassion, they keep our poor old world fresh and sweet and strong in the midst of its stress and storm and pain. Stopford Brooke has set this truth to music:

"A little sun, a little rain,
A soft wind blowing from the West,
And woods and fields are sweet again
And warmth within the mountain's breast.
So simple is the earth we tread,
So quick with love and life her frame,
Ten thousand years have dawned and fled,
And still her magic is the same.

"A little love, a little trust,
A soft impulse, a sudden dream—
And life as dry as desert dust
Is fresher than a mountain stream.
So simple is the heart of man,
So ready for new hope and joy,
Ten thousand years since it began
Have left it younger than a boy."

IV

Studying this soul expert, we are profoundly impressed that he was not a theoretical specialist, but a skilled practitioner. Gifted with the art of approach, of seeing people, of sympathizing with crushed lives, he asserts the rare power of turning his sentiments and sympathies into channels of helpfulness. What statements are these: He "bound up his wounds"; "he set him on his own beast"; "and brought him to an inn, and took care of him." Why, here is a surgeon, a driver of the ambulance, and a nurse combined in one personality!

Is it not full of Christian suggestiveness? We admire the consummate skill of the man who can handle the knife and needle and bandage, binding up wounds. Heaven's richest blessing upon all these twentieth century Good Samaritans the wide world over! But, my friends, you very well know that there are wounds which can never be healed by even the most skilful hands. "A scar on the heart is worse than a scar on the face," a brave, white-souled woman recently whispered to me after a sermon. And that is just why the soul expert is so much needed in our world. To bring comfort to the comfortless, hope to the hopeless, strength to the strengthless, and God to the godless—this is the kind of helpfulness for which the hearts of people are aching, even though in their blind groping they are unaware of their needs and ignorant of the Good

God who telleth the number of the stars and healeth the broken in heart. A child said: "Mother, what does God do all day long?" Endeavouring to make the child understand, the mother said: "Why, God is busy making things grow and sweeping His world-house clean, morning and evening. A little bird falls from its nest and God is there to help it back again. A violet is trampled down and God comes to make the flower bloom again. So, God is busy all day long mending broken things—broken twigs, broken wings, and broken lives."

The mother, the psalmist, and the Master are not far apart. Some people imagine that God is so busy making stars and counting them that He forgets men. But the psalmist knew better: "He healeth the broken in heart," also. Others think God is so far from our world that it is impossible for Him and men to come within speaking distance. "No," says Christ, "a bird cannot fall to the ground without your Father. Even the hairs of your head are numbered. Are not ye of more value than many birds?" The God and Father of Christ is the Good Samaritan of the universe. Sitting on the Dumfriesshire moors, Emerson and Carlyle were talking of the subtle links that bind the ages together, and how each event affects all the future. Pointing to Dunscore village in the distance, Carlyle said: "Christ died on the tree: that built Dunscore kirk yonder: that brought you and me together: time has only a relative existence." Ages and ages before

Emerson and Carlyle talked on the moor, Paul said : " We are members one of another," and " we that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves." We are so knit together in Christ, and so hid with Christ in God, that the predominant aim of our lives should be to perform the part of large and gracious Christian helpers. What a privilege to help God help this world out of its helplessness into Christlikeness,—and are we not workers together with God?

V

There is one more step in the processes of this soul expert. He was not content simply to help a man in need—he did it so thoroughly that nothing else could be asked. " And on the morrow he took out two shillings, and gave them to the host, and said, Take care of him; and whatsoever thou spendest more, I, when I come again, will repay thee."

We might well challenge an angel to surpass that speech. It is composed of perfect words wedded to perfect deeds. This man was not only gentleman—he was a gentleman. He was not only a Christian—he was Christlike. O, let us not fail of the thorough service! We must give men better food and clothing and shelter; but remember that men do not live by food and clothing and shelter alone. We must educate as never before, but we must also regenerate as never before. A boy I know

is very fond of perfume. Recently, he ran in with soiled hands and face, earnestly searching for something. Asked what he wanted—not what he needed—he said: “I want some of my perfume.” He was a suggestive picture, standing there like an incarnate mud-puddle, crying for perfume. Fond of perfume, he is equally fond of dirt and hates water quite as much as he loves the other two. What he needed, first, was a thorough soaking in water, and then his perfume would have had a chance. Now, civilization without salvation is no more than perfume poured upon soiled hands and face. Cosmetics are all right, but they can never be substituted for clean water. And finer culture, better houses, food, and clothing are good, and should be more universally enjoyed.

Yet these things do not constitute either true happiness or abiding wealth. Within fine houses must dwell fine souls; under handsome clothes must beat clean hearts; and to the food that nourishes the body we must add the Bread of Life. Carlyle said: “I do not want cheaper cotton, swifter railways. I want what Novalis calls ‘God, Freedom, Immortality.’ Will the whole upholsterers and confectioners of modern Europe undertake to make one shoeblack happy?” Let us carry wounded folk to the hospital, hungry folk to the almshouse, and ragged folk to ample wardrobes; but let us see to it that we do not stop there. Our generation needs new hearts even more than new houses, clean souls every whit as

much as fine clothing, and bread that the world knows not of more than any other food in all the world. We need to lay hold of that Being hymned in the "Last Lines" of Emily Brontë:

"No coward soul is mine,
No trembler in the world's storm-troubled sphere:
I see Heaven's glories shine,
And faith shines equal, arming me with fear.

"O God within my breast,
Almighty, ever-present Deity!
Life—that in me has rest,
As I—undying Life—have power in Thee!

"Though earth and man were gone,
And suns and universes ceased to be,
And Thou wert left alone,
Every existence would exist in Thee.

"There is not room for Death,
Nor atom that his might could render void:
Thou, *Thou* art Being and Breath,
And what Thou art can never be destroyed."

III

THE DATELESS CHRIST

"Jesus Christ is the same yesterday and today, yea and unto the ages."—HEB. XIII: 8 (A. R. V.).

IN a growing world we outgrow many things. Our childhood was held in the grip of enchantments which our manhood has left behind. Books that once interested us interest us no longer. Men who once fed us gave us their last mental and spiritual crumb long ago. Yet our enchantments were not unreal, our books were not untrue, our teachers were not unwise. They had a real place, a real purpose, and a real message. What, then, has produced the change? Why, God and the soul He has made in His own image. The surge, the urge of the Eternal within our natures has pushed us far beyond the reach of things and teachers which once held us within their magnetic clasp. Paul is voicing our own experience as he says: "When I was a child, I spake as a child, I felt as a child, I thought as a child: now that I am become a man, I have put away childish things."

You know, also, that this individual experience is a racial fact. Things which appealed to the

childhood of our race do so no longer, because we are no longer young, we are no longer fairies pitching our magic tents in fairyland, and we are no longer inexperienced. Man has been going to school a long time in God's world, and, though he is still a dull pupil in many things, and always may know only in part, yet he has learned some lessons, mastered some principles, won some victories which will keep his face towards the sunrising. Eucken speaks of man winning a universal self. Surely he can be content with nothing less. Man must achieve universal relations, have cosmopolitan citizenship in a fathomless universe, because the inherent largeness of his endowment demands it. "One world at a time" is an essentially false philosophy, because the soul transcends one world, transcends all worlds, being involved in the universe while it reaches beyond it into the heart and mind of God Himself. Man's reach does exceed his grasp, and that is why he is a two-world pilgrim, a heaven-visioning immortal, eager to wear out his suit of flesh and clay that he may be clothed upon with celestial vestments.

But one Being—Jesus Christ—has walked our way whom we can never outgrow. After a long time, we may begin to be like Him; but the full-grown stature of the race—the complete and true superman—will scarcely reach beyond His knees, as it falls in adoring wonder and worship and exclaims: "Worthy is the Lamb that hath been slain to receive

the power, and riches, and wisdom, and might, and honour, and glory, and blessing."

Living in a growing world, which we are nevertheless constantly outgrowing, it is profitable to consider the One whom we may ever approach and never surpass—the dateless Christ: "Jesus Christ is the same yesterday and today, yea and unto the ages."

I

Always insisting upon the human, historic Christ, we must also insist upon the transcendent Christ. Wading deep into the rushing, roaring river of our human years, not only has the mighty current that sweeps all things away been unable to engulf Him, but this is one of the unique phases of our thought in trying to account for Him: Before the worlds were, He was. Deeper than all depths are the deeps of our Lord's self-consciousness. What words are here: "Before Abraham was I am"; "Thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world"; "I came forth from the Father and am come into the world; again, I leave the world and go to the Father"; "Glorify thou me with the glory that I had with thee before the world was."

Now, it is easy enough for us sophomorically to assert that it is unessential as to what we think of Christ's pre-existence, that the idea itself may be but an importation into Christianity from Hindu and Greek philosophy, and that it is only one of the in-

stinctive tendencies of humanity to deify its heroes and martyrs. Then how does it happen that Jesus is the one solitary instance of this tendency in its supreme manifestation? What other character has become so inwoven in the thought and work of the world that, in order to explain His uniqueness, we say that He must have had a consciously pre-existent life, that He must be older than time, as old as eternity itself? Beautiful, indeed, is the Platonic doctrine of recollection, which Wordsworth has translated into words that can never die. But how many of us, in accounting for Plato's world-wide influence in philosophy, conclude that he must have existed before the world began? And yet the best minds, the clearest-souled men of the generations, have held for two thousand years that Jesus is not only in history, the meaning of history, the warp and woof of history, but that He is also above and behind history, that He transcends time itself.

Plainly, this is a fact of such tremendous proportions as to ask for an adequate consideration. Does it not occupy in the spiritual realm a position similar to gravitation, to the etheric tides, to the nebular hypothesis in the physical universe? That one dateless, epochless personality has cast the spell of His power over the world argues that He is of more than cosmic significance. We honour the universe when we call Christ its Lord and Master, just as we honour humanity in speaking of Christ as its Creator and Redeemer; "for in Him were all things created, in the

heavens and upon the earth, things visible and things invisible, whether thrones or dominions or principalities or powers; all things have been created through Him, and unto Him; and He is before all things, and in Him all things hold together." No less than Paul's conception of Christ can justify itself before the bar of Christianized reason. Our little systems have their little day. The philosophies of yesterday are dead today, while those of today will be gone on the morrow. They are excellent undertakers for outworn intellectual methods, but the day comes when the undertakers themselves must be buried. Thus philosophers may come and philosophers do go, but the transcendent Christ goes on forever. There are innumerable sons of men—there is only one Son of Man. There are countless sons of God, there is only one Son of God. There may be many potential Christs, but they are potential only—there is but one living, reigning, deathless Christ, "the same yesterday and today, yea and unto the ages."

Moreover, only the transcendent Christ is equal to the necessities of an ascendant humanity. One of the differentiating marks of man is his capacity to grow. This law is implicit in the Bible, in science, in experience, in ethics, in history. First the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear, is a noble statement of a universal truth. Man is always ascending, always climbing, always ripening. Is there to come a time when this unfolding creature

shall surpass his God? In a word, shall the creature outgrow the Creator? It cannot be otherwise, if some of our intellectual modes are true; but being untrue, and failing to sound the depths of the New Testament river of life, they are promptly left behind as cast-off, incompetent things. Conscious of its growing power, and, therefore, conscious of its ever-deepening need of a vitally sufficient Saviourhood, humanity cannot be permanently put to confusion upon this matter. The strong mental invasions, the profound moral reformations, the searching spiritual revolutions which have changed the religious map of the world have all originated within the dynamic, creative, regenerating life of the dateless Christ. While men are discussing this issue and that, this science and the other, this leader and the one of a past generation—and such discussion is always in order—right now, this day, this hour, this moment the transcendent Christ is abroad in His chariot named the universe, drawn by cosmic steeds of Power and Light and Mind and Love, rushing to that one far-off divine event toward which the worlds do move.

II

Because He is transcendent, Jesus is spaciouly international. Before the angels waked their golden gospelings between the plains of Bethlehem and heaven's star-hung dome, God had written deep in

man's heart the dream that the Desire of all nations should come. And in the fulness of time He did come. Christ is the limitless extension of the social consciousness of all races, as He is the indefinite expansion of each personality. Pascal declared that one man is no man; but in the long view, it is just as true that one nation is no nation. As individuals require others for their self-realization, so nations are quite as dependent upon each other for genuine efficiency in international housekeeping. But international housekeeping requires an international householder, and any religion worthy of the name must present a figure large enough for that position. Christianity is the religion, and Christ is the figure.

Consider what an interesting paradox this dateless, international Christ presents: All civilized nations have discovered their likeness to Him, while at the same time men have been aware of His unlikeness to any particular one of them.

Now, one of the deepest expressions of a nation's life is seen in its artistic forms; for art has been defined as eternity looking through time. And it is a truism that the Italian paints an Italian Christ, the German paints a German Christ, the Frenchman paints a French Christ, and the Englishman paints an English Christ. What does this mean? Does it not signify that as the idealism of a people attains its noblest height, there somehow comes with it the sense that the nation's typical man is like the highest, holiest manhood the ages have seen? That is,

when the nation reaches the utmost of its life, it invariably discovers that it has affinities with the Son of Man and voices them by *claiming Him as especially related to its own national type*. Why, what if all the flowers should assemble in summer and say: "The sun resembles us. Men have fancied that we are like the sun, because we owe our life and beauty to him. But this is all a mistake. He is like us. He is like the red in the rose, the white in the daisy, the blue in the violet, the gold in the orchid." Would it not be a naïve proceeding indeed? But the sun, not being jealous of its reputation or power, would simply delight in this fine tribute from his floral children. And one wonders if God is not delighted when nations, reaching their highest estate, discover that their own best life resembles that of His only begotten Son?

All the peoples meet in Him,
And He makes the peoples one.
Other splendours must grow dim
In the light of Mary's Son.

The other side of this paradox is seen in the fact that though outwardly Christ was a Jew, lived and taught in a little land called Palestine, no one thinks of confining Him within national boundaries. Moses is Jewish. Confucius is Chinese to the core. Aristotle is Greek through and through. Even Shakespeare's myriadmindedness cannot conceal his Anglo-Saxon forbears. Goethe is German, Hugo is

French, Emerson is American. Each bears his national tone and character; each publishes the country of his birth; each declares the era in which he lived and died. And this is all quite natural, normal, logical. Indeed, would it not be hard to think of Shakespeare as a Greek, of Aristotle as an American, of Goethe as a Frenchman, of Emerson as a German?

Christ alone has stretched the local and transient into the universal and eternal. While God has made of one blood all nations of men, determined their appointed seasons, and the bounds of their habitation, He has made only one Man of such capacious dimensions that He keeps on His stride from race to race, from century to century, clearing all natural and national limitations; leaping over antique walls of superstition; destroying prejudices rooted deep in the immemorial past; widening the blind alley of ignorance into endless highways of wisdom; deepening the flowing tides of good-will which bear the indestructible ships of love, laden with fruits of righteousness, into the welcoming ports of humanity; lifting the gates of death from off their creaking hinges and setting the jubilant feet of the race in pathways that wind through the blooming gardens of immortality!

Why, Christ's universality is the wonder of the world. Chemists tell us that carbon has some sixty thousand known compounds. Yet carbon retains its identity without destroying the identity of a

single element with which it combines. Carbon is so universal in its sympathies and affinities, that it demands countless combinations in order to its own self-realization. By aiding every substance it touches, it also aids its own self-fulfilment. And carbon suggests the wondrous combining power of the dateless Christ. The Desire of all nations, He is the heart-throb of history, the completion of the individual, the goal of the races, the crown of the universe. Combining with men and nations in the superlative compound of righteousness, He destroys the inhuman and the ungodly by filling each and all full of true humaneness and vital godliness.

O, what a thrilling, golden morning is yet to break over the hills of time! Grown grey and weary in its long tramp down the ages, humanity shall forget its forced marches, forget its smiting aches, forget its gnawing despairs, forget its unbrotherly hatreds, forget its unfilial relations. And the world-prodigal shall be made to forget by remembering—by remembering the Father's house; by remembering the old, inarticulate prophecies which God hid in man's heart from the dawn of time; by remembering that the drab, unclear present quickly slips into a historic past which becomes vocal with a prophetic future; by remembering that man's apparent exhaustibility is a sure token of his inexhaustible Creator. And all this for three reasons: First, man does not yet know his God. Though God has in very deed come our way in glorious divine-

human expression, the implicates of His revelation are so illimitable, while man is so slow to apprehend, that a thousand years in the process are as one day. Second, man does not yet know his universe. Its spaces are so vast, its simplicities are so complex, its commonplaces are so uncommon, its lives are so full of death and its deaths are so full of life, that mystery lurks in every atom and breaks from every star. Some of these millenniums the atomic and starry doors of the universe will be unlocked and men shall behold with their natural eyes realities surpassing all the dreams yet dreamed by men. As yet we stand only electron-deep in a system whose depths teem with astronomic immensities and inconceivable possibilities. Third, man does not yet know himself. We are learning that the mystery of the universe has a true counterpart in the mystery of man's soul. The physical outreach of the one is equalled by the spiritual inreach of the other. "Now are we children of God, and it is not yet made manifest what we shall be. We know that if He shall be manifested, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him even as He is."

Beyond this thought cannot go, imagination cannot penetrate. But because it can go thus far, even humanity's blackest midnights are purple with auroreal splendours. The present confusion of tongues is a jangling prelude to the coming harmony of world-wide Christian speech. Then no man shall say to his fellow, Know the Lord; for all shall know Him

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from the least to the greatest, from the simplest to the wisest, from the isles of the sea to the heart that beats nearest your own. Lifted between the heavens and earth, Christ shall yet draw all men unto Himself. Jerusalem's Calvary shall become the altar of the world, and around it the Heavenly Magnet shall draw all tribes and kingdoms and peoples. Moses will come to have his law explained. Isaiah will come to see his prophecy fulfilled. David will come to hear his harp make "one music as before, but vaster." Paul will come with the dazzling light of his conversion expanded into the brilliance of a thousand suns. Socrates will come to find an interpretation of his philosophy, Plato a realization of his Republic, Aristotle the meaning of his Ethics. Laotse will come with his teaching, Mohammed with his perverted dream, Kant with his antinomies. Raphael will come with his unfinished pictures, Canova with his uncarved marbles, Keats with his unsung songs, Mozart with his unplayed melodies, Lincoln with his unfinished tasks, this mother with her heartbreak, that father with his unsolved problem, this Ophelia with her bleeding heart and broken hopes, that Hamlet bewildered and dizzy with his awful tragedy.

O brothers, it must be so. The fleeting dream can never equal the golden reality. Suns may forget to rise and set, tides to ebb and flow, stars to keep their orbits, but the Eternal God can never forget that once He was cradled in Bethlehem, wept

over Jerusalem, died on the tree, rose again from the dead, led captivity captive and gave gifts unto men as the pledge of that good coming day when all shall know that God's holy love is commensurate with His boundless power, that His promises are as immutable as His character, and that humanity's hopes are to be both centralized and realized in the dateless Christ, who "is the same yesterday and today, yea and unto the ages."

III

Transcendent and international, the dateless Christ is also the contemporary Christ. Explaining the yesterdays of history and mortgaging the to-morrows unborn, Christ is Lord of the present, Master of invisible realms, and Mover of the flying wheels and lightning shuttles from which is woven the cloth of today's events.

"Every day is doomsday," said the philosopher, and every day is Christ's day. Some of us have almost forgotten the regnant, enthroned, administrative Christ. Like the disciples when told of His resurrection, these fundamental, contemporaneous, fulfilling achievements of His seem unto us as idle tales. Yet if the Christian revelation is true, we must agree with the late Newton Clarke when he says that God is conducting human history in Christ.

Now, "human history" is a rather large term.

Suppose, therefore, that we think of it from the viewpoint of the current, of the history which is now in the making, in its planetary and individual significance.

Obtuse, indeed, is the man who does not know that our world is in the throes of a new birth. The birth-pang is planet-wide. And the thing is not being done in a corner, but out in the open. Nothing can stop it and nothing should stop it, because it is useless to try to localize that which God has universalized. The stars cannot be held in leash by a spider's web, and God's Word is not bound.

There are two ways of construing what McRae calls the humane movement, or what Weyl calls the new democracy. First, we may say that it is the day of the nihilist, the anarchist, the iconoclast, the socialist, the individualist, the materialist, that it is either one of these or all together, that mere things are in the saddle and ride mankind. Admittedly, this would be, in some sense, a true report. Every age is a transitional age, and every age is rampant with the "haves" and the "have nots." Consequently, society, law, and order—in a word, government has continually to guard itself against the blind, insane forces that would destroy its foundations, which are righteousness, justice, and truth.

Second, we may take a larger view, and without apologizing for the wickedness of wicked, insensate men, we may becomingly ask ourselves if we have fully measured the content of God's redemptive

programme for mankind; if we have not rather nourished our conservative souls upon feminine, sentimental diversions of the Gospel rather than upon its rugged, masculine, revolutionary principles; if we have not skimmed the surface of Christ's teaching instead of penetrating to its inner, hidden depths, which are packed with explosives whose thunders are designed to reverberate from continent to continent, from nation to nation, and from earth to heaven. "Is not My word like a fire? saith the Lord of Hosts." "The Gospel is the dynamite of God unto salvation," says Paul. We live in a world in which some things have to be blown up in order that larger, grander things may come down and take their places. Some growths like social injustice, inhuman industrialism, commercial greed, political demagoguery, must be destroyed, root and branch, that health-giving, blossoming trees of righteousness of God's own planting may extend their kindly shade over all. Now, can any one question the directive activity of the contemporary, omnipotent Christ in this planetary movement? Not if he is indwelt by the Christ of Paul, of Luther, of Calvin, of Wesley. In spite of all they may do or leave undone, God makes the wrath of men to praise Him. And in the midst of the tumult and the shouting, and while the captains and the kings pass from sight, the God who raised Christ from the dead, and exalted Him to His right hand in the heavenly places, far above all rule and authority and power and

dominion, is the very God who is speaking to us to-day through His Christ: "Fear not; I am the first and last, and the Living One; and I was dead, and behold, I am alive forevermore, and I have the keys of death and Hades."

Furthermore, with His sure, steady, guiding hand upon all world-movements, God in Christ responds to the needs of the single, solitary soul. We need to remember that there is little encouragement in the teaching of Jesus for worthful social transformation that stops short of individual regeneration. According to Christ, there are no overlooked souls in God's universe except they themselves ignore the compassionate Father who regards with mercy each and all. Man's cry that no one careth for his soul is instantly answered by the profound assurance that God careth. Christ comprehends the needs of the ninety-and-nine sheep without forgetting the necessities of the strayed, lost one. O, have you lost your soul in the crowd? Has your personal identity been obscured by mass and class? Do you lack religious vigour and spiritual fulness? Have you gazed so long upon things which fit the physical eye only that you have no vision for the unseen and eternal? Are you bound by the iron chains of sinful habits, so that you plod through an existence of despairful slavery? Amid the swift-rushing years, have you no certain anchor that reaches into that which is within the veil?

Then believe me, my friend, there is a conquering

hope for you. Though your sins be as scarlet, the Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins and to clothe you in a robe of righteousness whiter than snow. And the Son of God is not only forgiving, but life-giving. Opening the gates of new life, He shall cause thee to live within those abounding tides of being which make all things new. And when earth and time yield at last to the strong, irresistible pressure of heaven and eternity, the whisper of "The Eternal Goodness" shall charm thy redeemed spirit as it passes out and on and up and in to where beyond these discordant voices there is true peace and unwearying toil. Rejoice, therefore, that—

"All which is real now remaineth,
 And fadeth never;
 The hand which upholds it now, sustaineth
 The soul forever.
 Know well, my soul, God's hand controls
 Whate'er thou fearest;
 Round Him in calmest music rolls
 Whate'er thou hearest.
 What to thee is shadow, to Him is day,
 And the end He knoweth,
 And not on a blind and aimless way
 The spirit goeth."

Thanks be to God for the dateless Christ. He is transcendent, and He imparts the sense of eternity to transcending souls. He is international, and He begets in His disciples a consciousness of world-wide sympathies and affiliations. He is contemporary

with history in the making, and from within and behind all world-movements He cares for the single soul.

Therefore, let no man think, in these blood-dripping days, that our planet has broken away from the control of Almighty God. True, we are having brought home to us the terrible indictment of Gladstone's words: "The history of nations is a melancholy chapter; that is, the history of governments is one of the most immoral parts of human history." But the God of Righteousness was never so much alive, never so wisely superintending affairs, as during this period of indescribable agony. Drunk with power and swollen with prosperity, Napoleonized nations insist on throwing themselves upon the international operating table. And once upon that table, for a long time they may resist the Surgeon's keen, steady knife. Yet the Surgeon cuts on and on, as grim as Death and as clean as Truth. In due time, the offending eye of militarism shall be plucked out, the grasping hand of plunder shall be cut off, and the steel foot of invasion shall stumble over the abyss of world empire to its certain downfall. Then shall men learn once again that right and not might, that character and not efficiency, that Christ and not Cæsar, speak the final word by which both individuals and nations live. For "Jesus Christ is the same yesterday and today, yea and unto the ages."

IV

FALSE WEALTH AND TRUE

"And He said unto them, Take heed, and keep yourselves from all covetousness: for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth. . . . So is he that layeth up treasure for himself, and is not rich toward God."—ST. LUKE XII: 15, 21.

ONE of the unique phases of Christ's teaching is this: He speaks to the great questions of human life. What are the relations between God and men? Is God a Father, and is Man God's child? How may a soul be cleansed from the guilt and power of sin? What are the grounds of justice and good-will between individuals and nations? What is the mission of pain? What is true joy? What is real peace? What is man's destiny in the realms beyond? These are some of our human problems which cannot grow old. And Jesus has spoken to them once and forever. As compared with other teachers, there is a radical difference in the way in which Christ addresses Himself to these questions. You may have Plato's philosophy without Plato. You may have the morality of Marcus Aurelius without the moralist himself. You may have Kant's system without the Königsberg seer.

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But to have Christ's truth, you must have Christ Himself. He refuses to be separated from His teaching.

An artificial flower looks well enough. But it lacks the sun. It is a stale, withered, dead thing. It takes the sun to produce a living flower. The very moment the sun's life is divorced from the flower, the petalled creature begins to die. And many suppose they can have the flowers of Christianity without the Sun of Righteousness. And they may, in a fashion. But after all, it is only a sorry, mechanical, wooden kind of morality that can never be more than a candidate for election to the vital, vernal realities of the religion of Jesus Christ. He is in His truth more intimately than the Sun is in the flower. Issuing His orders for the conquest of the planet, He added: "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

In the text, Jesus is dealing with one of the world-old propositions. Smarting under the sting of a family brawl, a man out of the crowd shouted: "Master, bid my brother divide the inheritance with me." Our Lord promptly refused to be made an arbitrator of a property dispute; but He seized the opportunity of cutting to the root of the man's grievance. And then He spoke this searching parable of "The Rich Fool; or, False Wealth and True."

I

False wealth, according to Christ, is rooted in covetousness: "Take heed, and keep yourselves from all covetousness." Here is one of many of our Lord's examples of penetrative, noon-clear insight. He shows perfect mastery of a given situation while He states an ageless truth. It is probably within the facts to assume that the back-lying cause of this man's appeal to Christ was covetousness. Grant that the justice of his demand was unquestionable, that his brother should have divided the inheritance with him. Yet having both right and justice on one's side fails to curb the deep-seated, elemental passion for gain, the desperate eagerness for possession which kills the finer dispositions of the soul. Did Christ detect this as the root of the man's trouble? Did the Master see that back of the justness, the rightness of his cause, the man was himself held in the strong, subtle grip of avarice? It may have been. For covetousness is not a thing of caste, not a matter of class distinction. The man in the pulpit may be just as covetous as the man in Wall Street. He may not have the same opportunity for exhibiting his covetousness, but the principle may be there just the same. One day Lincoln was walking along a street in Springfield with his two boys, who were yelling lustily. Attracted by the cries of the lads, a neighbour came out and asked: "Why, what's the matter with the boys, Mr. Lin-

coln?" "Just what's the matter with the whole world," replied Lincoln. "I have three walnuts, and each boy wants two."

How this goes to the bottom of the social problem in every age! There are gigantic wrongs that need to be, and can be, remedied by legislation. It is the duty of the State to correct tangible, organized expressions of injustice. And it is becoming more and more difficult for oppression to go on unhindered, thanks to the leavening power of Christ in society. While rejoicing in this, let us remember that there are so many problems which legislation cannot touch. The Master recognized this very clearly. Is not the Decalogue mild indeed compared with the Sermon on the Mount? Now men may and do legislate against murder, but what legislation can cure anger, which is the spirit of murder? Men may legislate against adultery; but what legislation can prevent lust, which is the essence of adultery? Men may legislate against stealing; but what legislation can take away the desire to steal? So, also, men may legislate against the possibility of illicit combinations of capital, and such legislation should be prompt and stringent. But what legislation, may I ask, can keep the bootblack from desiring to be a capitalist himself? You know very well, my friends, that the most consummate legislation is incapable of meeting the radical and fathomless needs of human life. Certainly the good God knows it, and that is why He is present in His world

to help men acquire a new attitude toward their Creator, toward themselves, and toward their fellow men.

Moreover, false wealth is invariably victimized by things. "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." The rich fool is an example of the man who has become the slave of things. How unmistakably his own words reveal his inner decay! Hear him boast of "my barns," "my grain," "my goods"! He owns the land, but no landscape; he owns the earth, but no sky; he owns the stall, but no soul. He himself is submerged in the muck and the mire of materialism. And things take their terrible vengeance upon him, as they always do. When Midas asked for the golden touch, it was granted. Everything went golden—the milk on the table, the flowers in the garden, even his little daughter stiffened into a statue of gold. Then Midas became wise enough to pray that the golden touch be taken away from him. Does not the myth illustrate in a large way the utter futility of mere things? But it does more: it shows the reactionary, deadening power of things upon character. Men must master possessions or possessions will master men. The glitter of things exerts a more than hypnotic power over the dupes of avarice. "There is nothing on earth," says the *Wall Street Journal*, "that looks good that is so dangerous for a man or a nation to handle as quick, easy, big money. If you do not resist its

deadly influence, the chances are that it will get your son. It takes greater and finer heroism to dare to be poor in America than to charge earth-works in Manchuria." This, also, was at once the warning and the plea of the late William James. Recognizing the dreadful onslaught which a mad desire for comfort and luxury is making upon the modern world, he thought it was time for men to take again the vows of poverty, like Francis of Assisi. Only the grace of God can save many men from the grasp of gold.

Or, if one be free from the love of money, let him remember that the command against covetousness is exceeding broad: "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, *nor anything that is thy neighbour's.*" Both the Tenth Commandment and the words of Christ interpret the spirit of covetousness in so large a fashion that it cannot be confined within the grooves of high finance or low. Changing the figure, covetousness is an invisible dagger that puts out the eyes of the heart, and the soul goes blind toward God. What a confession is in that letter of Robert Burns in the New York Library! You may read it with your own eyes. It was written to his friend, Robert Cleghorn, in 1788. "At present," he says, "the world sits such a load on my mind that it has effaced almost every trace of the image of God in me." In other words, this million-

aire in genius says that he is a pauper in godliness; that the world has thrown a saddle across his back and ridden him to spiritual death; that he is the victim of stocks and stones.

And this is the grim jest, the sordid trick the world inevitably plays upon a soul that yields to its horrible charm. It lures with the spangles of its false wealth and then crushes within the writhing folds of its merciless power. The spiritual guides of the race have been keenly, deeply conscious of this perpetual foe to the best in man's life. "For what shall a man be profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and forfeit his life? or what shall a man give in exchange for his life?" asks the Master. "Love not the world, neither the things of the world," says St. John. Rooted in covetousness and victimized by things man lacks the rage of the divine rapture; the pungent power of high decision; the hunger that longs for fulness of life; the visions that flash down from the shining peaks of the ideal; the wise silences always just trembling on the tongue of immortal speech; the large delight of yearning for all that is fair and lovely and of good report. It was in the outraged feeling that false wealth cheats the soul of eternal riches that Wordsworth's noble sonnet of protest had its birth:

"The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!

This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
 The winds that will be howling at all hours,
 And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
 For this, for everything, we are out of tune;

It moves us not. Great God! I'd rather be
 A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
 So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
 Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
 Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
 Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn."

II

Contrasted with false wealth, Christ has forever set before man the wealth that is true: "So is he that layeth up treasure for himself, and is not rich toward God." How grandly does the Master brush away the shadow and lay bare the substance! The man who goes through the world *himselfing*, who cannot see beyond the circle of his own narrow, selfish interests, is foolish and poor; but the man who purposefully invokes the presence and guidance of God in his life, is wise and rich. He is what George Herbert calls "a sweet and virtuous soul." He is a permanent asset of the Almighty. He definitely sets himself at such a spiritual angle as to be usable. The smiting wonder of the Christian God is that He asks human co-operation. He challenges each soul to make the venture into the realms of abiding reality. Christianity is the intersphering of the finite with the infinite. Our definition, then, of true wealth is this: *True Wealth is Godlikeness.*

"But," you ask, "what do we know about God? What is God like?"

First, we know that God is *Self-Giving*. The authenticity of Godhead is this: He gives Himself. Just because He is God, because He is love, because He is our Father, God cannot be satisfied with giving mere things. It is true that He hath given us all things richly to enjoy. He has shown us that our little planet is one of the most precious pearls glinting in the oceans of space. Its nights are set with candelabra of stars, its dawns are washed with splendour, its noons are woven of sun and shine, its evenings are panels that might be seen with profit by citizens of other worlds. Orrick Johns, in his poem on "Second Avenue," sings truly:

"The gorgeous canvas of the morn,
The sprinkled gaiety of grass,
The sunlight dripping from the corn,
The stars that hold high-vestured mass,

"The shattered grandeur of the hills,
The little leaping lovely ways
Of children, or what beauty spills
In Summer greens and Autumn greys.

"These are not gained by any toil
Of groping hands that plead and plod,
But are the unimpoverished spoil
Poured from the bursting stores of God."

And yet "the bursting stores of God" do not constitute true wealth. The gift without the giver

is bare indeed, and God gives Himself. "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have eternal life." This is the celestial sea that rolls its tides of inspiration through the Gospel. "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins." God demands a white universe. That is why Jerusalem became vocal with the words of Christ. They are the advances that Eternity makes to Time. They are infinitely vast and infinitely satisfying. They set human life in the midst of a meaningful destiny. They declare that the God at the centre of the worlds is not only a God of power and wisdom, but a God whose heart is so richly paternal, whose providence is so microscopically minute, that there is not room in His universe for one lost good or for one lost sparrow. "Are not five sparrows sold for two pence? and not one of them is forgotten in the sight of God. But the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear not: ye are of more value than many sparrows." No: our God does not give us a world and withhold Himself. He does not send us a Saviour and remain at home in Heaven. He comes along to teach, to suffer, to love, to forgive, to die, and then to smash the gates of death and lead captivity captive.

Man's true wealth, therefore, consists in God-likeness, in his self-giving. We get rich toward

God as we give ourselves richly. "But the offering is so poor," you say. "Is it worth while?" Well, the weed standing there in the fence corner is poor enough. At least it seems so. But when you consider the affiliations of a weed, you will have to confess that it is neither poor nor isolated. It is rich in its relation to the soil. The earth exists for the weed as for the rose. The weed is rich toward the atmosphere. Rain and wind and dew are its servants. The weed may not hold as much dew as the cup of a lily, but it holds the same *kind* of dew. The weed is also rich toward the sky. For it the sun, moon, and stars spin through space. But the most wonderful thing about the weed is that it may become a flower. And I take it that the most wonderful thing about a human being is that he may become like God—that is, he may give himself in his limited way even as God gives Himself in His limitless and sacrificial munificence.

Is not this the glory of life? Why the majesty and thrill of all these imperishable heroisms—these holy ones who burned pure at the interiors of being, who braved life with indomitable bravery and whipped death to death a thousand times before death had the courage to come near and open their prison doors toward the Homelands of God? They are before the Throne of White because they struck an unquenchable radiance into this world of ours. They turned blight into bloom, and they turned gloom into light. I think of the Poor Widow. One

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day the Master sat down over against the treasury. He watched the multitude make their offerings. Here comes the man who would rather attend his own funeral than pay his pew rent. His offering makes no noise—it is too small. But his face talks, and it is very loud in its protest against church collections. Here, also, are the rich old merchants of Jerusalem and Alexandria. Tossing their shekels into the money chests, they pass haughtily on. And so the multitude come and go—a vivid, moving, human pageant.

At last there is one who brings up the rear. She is scantily clad; her hands are hardened by toil; the quiet fall of her feet—the silkenly, satinely expression of her womanly modesty—betrays her misgiving. Finally, she casts in her two mites and quickly disappears. But that moment the Angel of Immortality bent the heavens and came down to greet her. The crowds are gone, millionaires and misers alike; the temple is gone, one with the dust of the desert; but the Poor Widow goes on from age to age, conquering by the gift of her two mites. God has made each mite into the wheel of a golden chariot through which she drives down the highway of the centuries. The Angel of Love announces her coming and peoples strew her pathway with roses. And why? Let the Lord answer: “And He called unto Him His disciples, and said unto them, Verily I say unto you, This poor widow cast in more than all they that are casting into the

treasury: for they did all cast in of their superfluity; but she of her want did cast in all that she had, even all her living." She gave herself. Her farthing and herself are dearer to God than all the gold in the world without herself. "Son, give me thy *heart*." Is it not the yearn of the God who gives Himself, that He may people earth and heaven with self-giving souls?

Captain Rostrom, of the *Carpathia*, tells of a young girl on one of the life-boats putting out from the doomed *Titanic*. The boat was filled with women. The order was given for some one to get out, as the boat was overloaded. This young heroine got up to leave the boat. Others, seeing her flowerlike beauty and tender years, tried to dissuade her. Then she loomed fairer and taller than a Greek goddess as she said to the mothers and wives: "No; I will go back. You are married and have families. I am not; it doesn't matter about me." With this valedictory to earth and time, she returned to the reeling, staggering deck of the wounded *Titanic*. Was she not a true daughter of those fabled Titans who vainly strove to overcome the forces of nature? Indeed, we have a feeling that she conquered the deep, and that old ocean was complimented in being asked to furnish his liquid shroud for a body in which throbbed the last full measure of self-giving heroism. A soul is rich toward God when it gives itself in sacrificial tides of Godlikeness.

We know another thing about God, and it is this: *God is like Christ*. We are so accustomed to saying that Christ is like God that we are in danger of losing one of the deepest truths of Christianity. Unquestionably, Christ is like God, but what is God like? The New Testament says God is like Christ. "It is at once our privilege and our duty," says Newton Clarke, "to think of God wholly in the character in which Christ has revealed Him." Like Philip, men long for a sufficient and intelligible vision of the Father. And Jesus answers, not only in words, but in character and deeds: "He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father." Christianity affirms that there is a Christ-like God on the throne of the universe. It is a truth as noble as it is inspiring. If you ask me what the sun is like, there are two answers. First, I may look up at the sun on a June day. It sends some of its warmth to our world, but most of the sun-energy is going off into space—scientists do not know just where and for what purpose. But as I look at the June sun its brilliance dazzles me. I am blinded by excess of light. There is a second way of knowing what the sun is like. I went over to the International Flower Show last week. I saw roses—marvellous creations, rich and red with the blood of the sun. I saw Easter lilies—white as the white robes of the living dead who have escaped from their bodies and gone. I saw orchids—velvet vases of colour veined with floral rainbows. I also

saw that new carnation—a new combination of the antique beauties of the world. These flowers said: “You wanted to know what the sun is like. Look at us. We have brought the sun from his far-off throne in space and incarnated his life in the beauty of these petals.”

This is a part of what I mean in saying that God is like Christ: He brings God out of the far-away and unreal into the near and dear. Instead of being the cosmic urge that pushes the worlds to an unknown goal; instead of being vast Niagaras of energy pouring through space, now clothing itself in this form, now in that; instead of being the huge, impersonal power not ourselves that makes for righteousness, the God Christ reveals is personal, holy, loving, and makes Him available to the least, the last, and the lowest human in all the earth. Niagara has abundance of water. For untold ages its breaking thunders have resounded over the great Falls. But Niagara is about the last place in the world to get a drink of water. The farmer's lad, who hollows out a cornstalk, places one end in the little bubbling spring that flows from the mountain's heart, and the other end between his lips, will be more successful in quenching his thirst than the man who opens his mouth before Niagara Falls to get a drink. The latter is more liable to be drowned than he is to have his thirst quenched. Now it is to keep men from being drowned in nebulous seas of pantheism, or from being engulfed in

roaring Niagaras of energy, that the Christlike God says, "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink. He that believeth on Me, as the Scripture hath said, from within him shall flow rivers of living water." Christ harmonizes the soul with its God, its fellows, and its universe. "No man cometh unto the Father but by Me." There is a path which no fowl knoweth, and there is a path which every soul may know. It is the Christ-path. If men ever get to God, this is the way they must take. It holds on through eternity. Your Platos, your Aristotles, your Kants, your Shakespeares—if they are Godward bound this moment, they are in the Christ-path.

The universe is full of highways, but there is only one that comprehends all the good in all the others. Standing at the cross-roads, here is the Sign: "This is the way: walk ye in it;" and this is the Guide who calls: "Follow me: I am the way, the truth, and the life." "We conceive that the New Testament," say Professors Stewart and Tait, in one of the noblest Christo-scientific books ever written, "plainly asserts that what Christ accomplished was not in defiance of law, but in fulfilment of it; and that His ability to do so much was simply due to the fact that His position with reference to the universe was different from that of any other man." As an illustration of the truth stated by these eminent scholars, we recall the words of Paul: "It was the good pleasure of the Father that

in Him should all the fulness dwell; and through Him to reconcile all things unto Himself, having made peace through the blood of His cross; through Him, I say, whether things upon the earth, or things in the heavens."

We conclude, then, that because God is like Christ, it is God's purpose to create a race of Christ-like men—strong men and true, brave men and pure, devout men and tender. Christ is God's way of realizing His purpose. In Henry Van Dyke's "The Lost Word," we have a parable of the lost Christ. In one of the early centuries Hermas, who belonged to a wealthy pagan family, gave himself to Christ. Because of this, his father disinherited him and drove him forth from his home. Sitting by a spring in the Grove of Daphne, at Athens, one day, Hermas was approached by a priest of Apollo, who saw the stranger's dejected mood, and began to talk with him. Finally, the priest made this bargain with Hermas: He would give him wealth, happiness, and success, if Hermas would only give him the name of Him whom he had learned to worship. "Let me take that word, and all that belongs to it, entirely out of your life. Will you do it?" And Hermas consented. Later, Hermas returned to his old home in Antioch, where he found his father dying. The old man received his son joyfully. He asked Hermas to tell him the secret of the Christian faith he had embraced. "You found something in your faith," said he, "that made you willing to

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give up your life for it. What is it?" So Hermas began: "Father, you must believe with all your heart and soul and strength in —— ——." But he had lost the word. At another time Hermas wanted to thank Christ for His blessing. He sought an old shrine in the garden, but he could not recall the lost word. One day his son was dangerously hurt, and he wanted to pray for his life; but no—the Name was gone! Have you lost the Name that is above every name? It alone bridges the chasm between false wealth and true. It alone answers the great questions asked in Rossetti's song:

"When vain desire at last and vain regret
Go hand in hand to death and all is vain,
What shall assuage the unforgotten pain
And teach the unforgetful to forget?

"Shall Peace be still a sunk stream unmet,—
Or may the soul at once in a green plain
Stoop through the spray of some sweet life-fountain
And cull the dew-drenched flowering amulet?

"Ah! when the wan soul in that golden air
Between the scripted petals softly blown
Peers breathless for the gift of grace unknown—
Ah! let none other alien spell soe'er
But only the one Hope's one name be there,—
Not less nor more, but even that word alone."

NEW YEAR CHIMES

"Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are reverend, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are gracious; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."—PHIL. IV:8.

ONE morning a sweet-souled old professor stood before his class in theology. Referring to this text, he asked the students: "What is it like?" "It is like an organ," said one. "It is like a violin," said another. "It is like a harp," said a third. Then the teacher said: "It has the power of an organ, the penetrating sweetness of a violin, the enchanting richness of a harp; but I think it is more like a set of chimes." It is a happy comparison. For Paul is in one of the spiritual cathedrals of God; he is in tune with the Master; he is in the Spirit; he hears the unheard; he sees the unseen. It is in this mood that he begins playing these thrilling chimes of the soul. If music is love in search of a word, as Sidney Lanier said, then Paul has found the music, the love, and the word. They are all in the passage. Their chime-like quality is deep and inspiring.

Our subject, then, is: "New Year Chimes." It is the season when we are ringing out the false and old and ringing in the new and true. In the deepest sense, every one may have a prosperous new year. For genuine prosperity does not depend upon strong markets or weak ones; upon good health or bad; upon living or dying. *Real prosperity depends upon a right attitude of soul toward God and man.* This is man's inner shine that casts a shadow upon the brilliance of nuggets and diamonds. And Paul gives us the secret of dwelling in this interior richness. "Think! Think! Think!" he says, "and then keep on thinking of the high and noble." As the devout spirit counts the beads of the rosary, so may we consider these chimes of the soul.

I

Think of whatsoever things are true. In Paul's mind, first things come first. There is no slipshod thinking. Paul is no weaver of intellectual crazy quilts. Therefore, if there is to be melody instead of discord in the steeple of life, he says the vibrant chime of truth must start the tune. If truth is the foundation, then truth shall occupy every room, illumine every window, adorn every corner, flood every hall in the house of life. Think truth, dream truth, act truth, and nothing shall be able to separate you from the God of truth. Sometimes

His face may wear a fold of darkness. Sometimes your own face may be clouded with passing falsehood. Sometimes the whole world may seemingly go wrong. But if your soul is grown in with the Truth, vined in with God, the way will ultimately lead you into perfect light. Astronomers recognize some very grave difficulties in explaining Uranus and Neptune by the nebular theory. Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn all seem to demonstrate the great law discovered by Kant and Laplace. But what does the astronomer do when his theory apparently breaks down as applied to Uranus and Neptune? Why, he says: "The movements of the satellites of Uranus and Neptune do not disprove the nebular hypothesis. They rather illustrate the fact that the great evolution which has wrought the solar system into form has not yet finished its work; it is still in progress. The work is very nearly done, and when that work shall have been completed, the satellites of Uranus and Neptune will no longer be dissociated from the general concord."

Now, this should be the heartening attitude of every one toward our Christian truth. Many variant and discordant satellites of error seem to demonstrate the falseness of the major planet Truth. We must be spiritual astronomers. In a world of partial glimpses and broken lights, we shall hardly see things as steadily and as whole as we desire. Still, it is good to know that the sun, and not the

earth, is the centre of the solar system; and it is better still to know that the Sun of Righteousness is the centre of our soul system. Make no mistake. If we are true, truth will take care of us. And just as the concords of plane, direction, and rotation prove the worth of the nebular hypothesis, even though the satellites of Uranus and Neptune contradict it, so the concords of spiritual reality created in man's soul by the Spirit of God assure him that, even in a world full of antinomies and obscurations, there is that underbeating and intersphering majesty of truth which shall nourish his expanding soul to all eternity. The eternity of time and space is but a bursting bubble compared with God's eternity in the human heart.

Pilate's question, quite naturally, is every man's question. "What is truth?" Asked with no adequate appreciation of its significance, still no greater question has come from mortal lips. From the viewpoint of the philosopher, Bacon said that two things are essential to the study of truth. First, there must be a mind that catches the resemblance of things. Second, there must be at the same time a mind steady enough to fix and determine the subtler differences in things. Then back of these two qualities of mind must stand "a man that neither affects what is new nor admires what is old, and that hates every kind of imposture." What an ideal—clean as the white of January snowflakes!

More important still, has the philosopher's ideal

ever been realized? Unquestionably, many have approached it, many are approaching it to-day. And why? Because in Pilate's judgment hall the King of Truth sounded forth His immortal music. The man who fails to reckon with this fact is essentially unscientific. He neither catches the resemblance of things nor is he steady enough to determine their subtler differences. "Pilate therefore said unto Jesus, Art Thou a king then? Jesus answered, Thou sayest that I am a king. To this end have I been born, and to this end am I come into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth. Every one that is of the truth heareth my voice." The words are as solemn as doom and as bright as dawn. God and the soul must have truth, and they have it. We accept the physicist's truth about corpuscles; the mathematician's truth about numbers; the painter's truth about colours; the philosopher's truth about the problem of being; the poet's truth about rhythmic verbal combinations. Is it possible, then, that we are all adrift on life's sea with no "authentic tidings of invisible things"? Strange that there should be words for your tongue, music for your ear, light for your eye, oxygen for your lungs, thought for your brain, and no God for your soul! Indeed, it is so unthinkably strange as to be utterly impossible in a moral universe.

Thy soul is made for God, O Man, and that is why God has made Himself intelligible to you in Christ Jesus.

Have you seriously considered what the distinguishing characteristic of man is? It is not his affinity with the lower orders of creation. It is not that he is a composite museum of all the past. It is not even in the fact that he builds cities and modifies in countless ways the earth on which he lives. Man's supreme and distinguishing uniqueness is this: *He has power to respond to and be transformed by the Holy Spirit of God in Jesus Christ!* The end of the natural order, man is the beginning of the new creation. He closes the old series involved in the natural and inaugurates the reign of the spiritual. Æschylus called memory the sweet musè-mother. But truth—truth personalized in Christ—is the dear soul-transformer. Potassium is one of the fiercest lovers among metals. It is greedily fond of oxygen. Decomposing water, potassium quickly wrenches the molecules of oxygen from those of hydrogen and feasts upon its chemical affinity. Is it not a kind of parable of the way in which the Christ-begotten soul seizes His truth. For Christ in the soul trains the disciple to separate the oxygen of truth from the hydrogen of untruth. Every one that is of the truth hears His voice. Truth's unbroken chime improvises increasingly new and finer melodies in the soul. "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." And free men have the right of way in a free universe, when once its freedom has been thrown open to spiritually cosmopolitan souls.

II

Think of whatsoever things are reverend. "All the bells that God has put in my belfry shall ring," said Beecher. We must never allow this golden bell of reverence to cease its ringing. The man or nation that forgets to revere, to venerate, to adore, has already preëmpted the services of the undertaker. The unburied dead are a multitude no man can number, but one of the deadeast of the dead is the irreverent soul. When Heine's friend inquired after his health, the poet replied: "I feel a little stupid, rather dull." "I am sorry," said the inquirer. "What's the matter?" "I've just been exchanging thoughts with Dumas." But if dull thoughts produce mental stupidity, godless thoughts produce spiritual aridity. And a dull brain is not as pathetic as a dead soul. If we live by admiration, hope, and love, we die when these invisible angels leave us. Once heard, who can forget St. Paul's tolling out the passing hours of night? What solemn grandeur in the throbbing, rolling, tuneful tones! Their Miltonic majesty would "create a soul under the ribs of death." Sometimes one still hears them clear across the sea, in the waking hours of midnight, in the mystery-peopled world of dreams, in the twittered lyricism of the forest at sundown, in the deeper quiet that flows beneath the noisy stream of life on Broadway. And the spirits of Wren and Wellington seem to breathe

through those cathedral harmonies, both uniting in the laureate's prayer :

“Let knowledge grow from more to more,
And more of reverence in us dwell,
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before,
But vaster.”

Life's vaster music is possible only as our growing knowledge is taken into the throne-room of reverence, dedicated to the God of all being, and then sent forth in that accordant ministry of mind and soul which is the noble product of Christianity. One of the bedtime questions of a small boy was: “Mother, if all the clocks in the United States were to run down, where would we get the time?” The mother answered: “From the stars, my boy.” After all, time is not entirely dependent on clocks. Bailey's familiar words are profoundly true. If we really live at all, life must be reckoned more by deeds than years, by thoughts than breaths, by feelings than figures on a dial. Let every clock be stopped, but time flows on, and the stellar hands will say what o'clock it is to the seeing eye and the understanding brain. In Addison's mind, the spacious firmament, the blue ethereal sky, the spangled heavens, do but proclaim their great Original. Sun, moon, and stars are great celestial bells ringing across the spaces and calling men and angels to worship in the mansions of immensity.

“But,” you say, “what has all this to do with reverence?” Well, for one thing, it definitely marks off a wise man from a fool. The irreverent man looks up with eyes emptier than the spaces into which he stares and says: “There is no God.” The wise man bows in worship and wonder and exclaims: “The undevout astronomer is mad.”

III

Think of whatsoever things are just. Naturally, we appeal from the injustice of men to the justice of God. We do well in hymning the wideness of His mercy and the kindness of His justice. What a forlorn world without them! And it is well, also, to emphasize the purely human phase of justice. Portia's argument has a double suggestiveness. While it is true that if justice be our sole plea, none of us shall see salvation, it is also true that if the principle of justice fails to become a vital power in our individual lives, God will not impose His salvation upon us. A noble ideal is that of the old prophet: “He hath showed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth Jehovah require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?” If an honest man is the noblest work of God, then a just man must be the honest man's twin brother.

Now, in this apostolic thought-sculpture, which will dignify and enlarge every faculty of the soul,

we are not limited to thinking of justice in the abstract. We are to think of *whatsoever things* are just. Life in its detail, as well as in its wholeness, is included. Do you not see, therefore, how justice becomes luminously concrete in its application? Justice is to assert itself through me, and in my relation to, the church, the home, the state, the school, the city, the employer, the employe, the little child, the grown man, the rich, the poor, the good, the bad! There is no side of human life toward which it is not your privilege to exercise just thoughts. And however much other people may be benefited thereby, not one shall be so graciously compensated as you yourself. The truth is, not so much that man has justice as that justice has man. The Scotch proverb says that even the sailing of a cloud has Providence for its pilot. And the thinker and doer of justice has God for his abiding guest. Martineau must have had the truly just soul in his thought when he wrote: "Beneath the dome of this universe, we cannot find a place where the musings of the Eternal Mind do not murmur around us, and where we may not overhear in our heart of hearts the eternal soliloquies of God."

IV

Think of whatsoever things are pure. On New Year's morning the remark was overheard: "The musicians are all trying to outdo each other to-day

with their music." They seemed to be in every street, and sometimes in every block. Well, as one walks about this textual tower, each chime tries to out-melody the other. And when Paul rings the chime of purity, we exclaim: "Now this is the finest yet!" At the close of a lecture, Huxley asked a student if he understood it all. "All, sir," the young Solomon replied, "but one part, during which you stood between me and the blackboard." "Ah," rejoined the scientist, "I did my best to make myself clear, but could not make myself transparent." But God makes men transparent. An open-hearted, clear-souled transparency is an effect of the cause named purity. Thinking of whatsoever things are pure, souls secrete a transfiguration splendour that breaks out at every pore of their being. The X-ray and spectrum analysis cannot touch the sacred radiancies of the pure in heart. They come our way, not as poetic phantoms of delight, but as redeemed and redeeming personalities. They have the strength of ten, the vision of crystal, and the path that brightens unto the perfect dawning. "To the pure all things are pure."

The late William James has a charming essay on Thomas Davidson. The psychologist named him "the wandering scholar." Having an omnipotent memory, Davidson became a living dictionary of reference. A little philosophical club met every fortnight at Davidson's rooms in Temple Street, Boston. Professor James says: "Davidson used to

crack the whip of Aristotle over us; and I remember that, whatever topic was formally appointed for the day, we invariably wound up with a quarrel about Space and Space-perception." But there was never any quarrel about the purity and luculence of Davidson's motives. Among his twenty maxims, here are two: "Be on earth what good people hope to be in heaven." And, "Remember that heaven can be nothing but the intimacy of pure and noble souls." When one resolutely determines to think of whatsoever things are pure, has not his heaven begun ere earth be past?

Nothing is so vitalizing as this many-motived transparency of thought and action. A part of the oriole's ingenuity as a builder is seen in the fact that it utilizes the material at hand. Do not hang coloured pieces of yarn—not if you expect to bring them in when it rains—in the vicinity where this warbler is building its nest. For the oriole will take your bits of yarn and weave them into the home for its young. And is there not a truly oriole deftness in the architects of soul mansions? Seizing the thing at hand, they separate the good from the bad, and make it serve. There are countless harmonies abroad in the universe. Beethoven builds them into his symphonies. There are inexhaustible riches of colour in earth and sky. Tintoretto builds them into his pictures. There are imprisoned Davids and Moses in the marbles of Carrara. Angelo builds them into his statues.

There are untold possibilities in the twenty-six letters of the English alphabet. Shakespeare thinks them into such wondrous combinations that they syllable the motives, loves, and hates of the universal human heart. And in this varied life of ours, quivering with unexpectedness, swift with breaking wonders, veiled with unplucked mysteries, trembling with silent horrors, you and I may build a house of deep-founded purity, whose dome shall push back the stars to make room for us. Then let us work steadily on, and as we work, sing the song of "The Husbandman":

"I break the soil with anguished pain,
And sow with bitter tears.
My soul doth reap like golden grain
The gladness of the years!

"I hear the winds that roar and roar,
The elements that rush.
My soul doth hear for evermore
The high celestial hush!

"I toil with clods till day is done
In pastures dull and bare.
My soul doth shapen like a sun
The common earth and air!

"I win in darkness black as death
The scant bread of the sod.
My soul doth bring from fields of faith
The living sheaves of God!"

v

Think of whatsoever things are lovely. The Christian does not "ply the vast loom of songless labour and unimagined hope." In a world trembling with the immanence of sorrow, the disciple of Christ is nobly sustained by the transcendence of His joy. Victory over trouble is characteristic of the Christian. But for some reason, there is an impression abroad that Christianity makes very little of the lovely, the winsome, the beautiful. There could be no deeper mistake. It is true that the Master insists upon a profounder beauty than that commonly set forth by æstheticism. To the Greek beauty of form and thought, He adds beauty of soul. This is life's last and final beauty. Is not a beautiful soul more capable of appreciating the physical world than an immoral, unspiritual, ugly soul? In the nature of things, it must be so. "Oh, wondrous is God's earth," cried Schiller, "and good it is to be a man upon it." As it cannot possibly be good to be a bad man upon the earth, surely a part of the very highest good is to behold God's earth through eyes of inner loveliness. Christ deepens the good into the best. He begets that superconsciousness in the soul which discerns beauty, wonder, and awe interfusing the veins of creation. Lord Kelvin is a striking illustration of this truth. A trained thinker and scientist, dominated by a passion for accuracy, he has the *nth*

power of Christian insight. Looking at a tree, he says: "A tree contains more mystery of creative power than the sun, from which all its mechanical energy is borrowed." Studying the mignonette, he concludes: "An earth without life, a sun, and countless stars, contain less wonder than that grain of mignonette." Why, a man who owns a tree or a sprig of mignonette, and knows how to *think* of their loveliness, has an inner opulence that pours contempt upon heaps of godless gold. "Divinity lies all about us," wrote Professor James, "and culture is too hidebound to even suspect the fact." Tolstoi's words are complementary: "The more we live by the intellect, the less we understand the meaning of life."

Well, then, what is to redeem culture from its sterility and intellect from its dulness? Your Nietzsches and Schopenhauers are very assertive. They are pathetic examples of the modern mind in its unchristianized aspect. But they at least prove that there can be no sane optimism without the Christian religion, any more than there could be gravity without space. They clamour for the coming back of the pagan streak, for the recrudescence of the animal, for the renascence of the vulgar, for the rehabilitation of the devil as an angel of light. Happily, these apostles of "the ego" are foredoomed, and their philosophies with them. The Kelvins, the Jameses, the Tolstois, the Euckens, the Bergsons have been girded, either consciously or un-

consciously, for proclaiming the old, old truth that neither culture nor intellect can supply the demands of human life. Men are still panting for God. They know that nothing is more insipid than technical excellence devoid of spiritual reality. We must have life, and we have it in Christ. As flame feeds flame, so life feeds life. And the Christian has life—the only Life, the true Life, the æonian Life—in overflowing abundance. “I came that they may have life, and may have it abundantly.” Therefore, the spiritually abundant liver is the one preëminently qualified thinker of the *lovely*. He knows beauty at its source. He knows that a thing of beauty is a joy for ever. He knows this because he knows that “in the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.”

“And so the Word had breath, and wrought
With human hands the creed of creeds
In loveliness of perfect deeds
More strong than all poetic thought.”

VI

Think of whatsoever things are gracious. A gracious soul is the best commentary on the grace of God. He illustrates the infinite in dimensions of the finite. When Raphael had finished his painting called the Sibyls, he offered to sell it for 900 ducats. Chigi, the banker, offered only 500.

Raphael agreed that any painter in Rome should arbitrate the matter. Aware of the somewhat strained relations between Raphael and Michelangelo, Chigi chose the great sculptor. Viewing the work, and pointing to the head of one of the Sibyls, he said: "That head alone is worth 100 ducats." "Then how much are the others worth?" asked the cashier. "They are worth not less," said Michelangelo. The cashier reported the result to the banker. Laughing, Chigi said: "Pay Raphael 900 ducats at once, and be very polite, for if he should charge us for the draperies, we should be ruined." But how many ducats must Michelangelo, Raphael's supposed enemy, receive? Not one! His price was above rubies. He was munificently rewarded in the uncoined gold of a gracious soul. Vasari says that the Sibyls is Raphael's masterpiece. But what would the world not give to have this masterpiece: *Michelangelo Praising the Picture of His Enemy*? A gracious soul is a miniature copy of the God of Grace. Living in that fine air, our private ends begin to harmonize with the public and universal whole. Our thinking is then translated into life. Our life is then hid with Christ in God. And this is the secret of the chimes that ring in the dome of the soul.

Sometimes the Muse overtakes one on a hillside in June. The bluebird flashes past with the sky on his back. The robin hops about with the sunset in his breast. The bee drones his monotonous solo

from his choir-loft of honied blossoms. The butterfly opens and closes wings that are hung with rainbows. There in the odour of the grass—a deep sea of green beneath answering to the deep sea of blue above—these lines were written:

I thought a true and noble thought—
It shook the vast and golden stars:
Upward it sped and trembling sought
The song and chant of angel choirs.

I spoke a brave and cheerful word,
Not dreaming it went anywhere:
The dead, both small and great, o'erheard,
And said: "We know—thy word is fair!"

I sang a simple, soulful song,
A bubbling lyric of the heart:
The world forgot its ancient wrong,
And said: "Men, choose the better part!"

A little Thought and Word and Song—
For so all worlds and souls are wrought—
The Angels listen, Life grows strong,
And God and Men in Love are caught.

VI

THE WINDS OF THE SOUL *

"And after these things I saw four angels standing on the four corners of the earth, holding the four winds of the earth."—REV. VII: I.

THE religious genius of the Hebrew mind is seen in the symbolism of the Bible which he has given us. Speaking as he was moved by the Holy Ghost, he also made the thousand tongues of nature speak with and for him. He found sermons in stones and tongues in trees, if he did not find good in everything. God was to him both immanent and transcendent,—no mean philosophy for any generation to master. None understood better than he that man does not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceeds out of the mouth of God. Wind, cloud, rain, dewfall, star, mountain, sunset, and sunrise—all were words of God to the Hebrew.

We moderns have hired a policeman named the Reign of Law—a kind of night watchman and park detective combined—who waves his mechanical club with authority and says: "Keep off the

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grass!" Obeying him, we lose the bloom, the beauty, the mystery, the wonder, the religious awe inspired by the natural forces. We say they are but so many cogs in a vast machine, so many shuttles flying to and fro in the loom of chance. No wonder men are trudging along the rattling pavement of second-hand reality, having lost their way and wandered far from the fresh, spiritual, blossoming fields of life!

Our subject is the spiritual suggestiveness of that familiar physical force named the wind. For Christ, Saint John, Moses, Isaiah, and Ezekiel—to say nothing of many others—the wind was full of religious significance. But while this is true, we should beware of the popular delusion which insists that God may be found anywhere, but persists in finding Him nowhere. We do not need, at any rate, theories of the divine immanence and transcendence nearly as much as we need the facts of deliverance from sin and guilt through the indwelling of the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.

I

Consider that men and nations are ever in the path of the east wind of retribution. Witness Egypt in the reign of Pharaoh. Repeatedly facing him with his demands for the freedom of the Israelites, Moses seems to have failed. But the power behind Moses was greater than that behind

Egypt. The physical forces are commissioned officers in God's army when principles of righteousness are at stake. Wind, rain, hail, thunder, and lightning fulfil His word. "And the Lord brought an east wind upon the land all that day, and all the night; and when it was morning, the east wind brought the locusts."

Indeed, nations may well fear the east wind of retribution. For our universe is so organized that honesty and right are not only the best policies—they are unequivocal and absolute necessities. Every wheel may be taken from the chariot of righteousness, and still the sovereign God will run His wheelless chariot through the midst of His enemies. Just how He will do it is not always clear; that He does it is unvaryingly evident. The Power not ourselves making for righteousness makes it impossible for nations to violate the laws of righteousness without being righteously punished by the righteous God. Niebuhr says: "The history of every ancient nation ends, as that of every modern nation begins, in that of Rome." And he might have added: Every nation that finally stumbled into that international graveyard, was driven there by the east wind of retribution. Idolatry—worshipping gold and palaces, stocks and bonds; pride—walking in the presence of the Most High as if it were a work of supererogation not to bow the Almighty entirely out of His universe; materialism—the philosophy that feeds upon dirt and the mer-

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chandise that deals in wine, and oil, and fine flour, and wheat, and cattle, and sheep, and horses, and chariots, *and souls of men*—these are the sins that have coffined cities and nations, and they are just as deadly in the twentieth century as they were two, three, or five thousand years ago. “Moral supremacy,” says Lowell, “is the only kind that leaves monuments and not ruins behind it.” Nations sow the wind, and reap the whirlwind. The essayist, the prophet, the poet, and God are all agreed on “The Witness of the Dust”:

“Voices are crying from the dust of Tyre,
From Baalbec and the stones of Babylon—
We raised our pillars upon Self-Desire,
And perished from the large gaze of the sun.

“Eternity was on the pyramid,
And immortality on Greece and Rome;
But in them all the ancient Traitor hid,
And so they tottered like unstable foam.

“There was no substance in their soaring hopes:
The voice of Thebes is now a desert cry;
A spider bars the road with filmy ropes
Where once the feet of Carthage thundered by.

“A bittern booms where once fair Helen laughed;
A thistle nods where once the Forum poured;
A lizard lifts and listens on a shaft
Where once of old the Colosseum roared.

“No house can stand, no kingdom can endure,
Built on the crumbling rock of Self-Desire:
Nothing is Living Stone, nothing is sure,
That is not whitened in the Social Fire.”

True of nations, this law also operates relentlessly toward individuals. There is a dictagraph concealed on every man's soul. What he says and does and is, is duly recorded. This is his contribution to life, to humanity, to the universe, to God. Angels may keep their own set of books, but we ourselves are the authors of our own book of life. Like Paul, we may bear in our bodies the marks of the Lord Jesus; certainly we all bear in our souls the marks our own wills and choices have made. This truth is ingrained in the soul of the race, whether savage, pagan, or Christian. In the great tragedy of Æschylus, Agamemnon is slain by Clytemnestra, then she is slain by her son Orestes, and lo! the son is pursued by the Furies. Gorgon-like, he sees them come, "vested with sable stoles, their locks entwined with clustering snakes." "Ah," but you say, "that is just an old Greek story." Well, then, if that is fiction, here is a bit of fact from the year of our Lord, 1912. Out on the shores of Lake Michigan a man murdered another, threw his body into the lake, and ran away. The third day the tides swept the body up on the shore in front of the murderer's cabin. But the guilty man, unable to retain his bloody secret, returned, confessed his crime, and gave himself into the hands of justice. Taken to the scene of the murder, he exclaimed, "Ah, yes, I know. The tides did it—the tides did it! They brought his dead body back to me." And the dead bodies of living sins are

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always coming back to men. The tides float them, the winds fly them, the night scuttles them, the day uncovers them, the mind sees them, the soul hears them, the conscience talks with them in sleep. And all the perfumes of Arabia cannot sweeten the soul that has been shrivelled in the east wind of retribution.

Surer than gravity, man's sin will find him out; it will find him in, it will find him down, it will find him up, it will find him anywhere, everywhere! Rocks and mountains cannot hide him from its withering gaze. The serpent shall sting him out of the wall; the wolf shall fang him out of the forest; the asp shall bite him out of the ground; the lightning shall blast him out of the sky. Though the wrongdoer take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall the east wind of retribution rage and roar around him, until the glass of every window in his house of life is ground to powder, and his naked soul stands out before angels and men, and God says: "Thou who hast fled all things, flee now to Me. I will forgive thee that thou mayest live and dwell in peace and safety. Because My nature is Love, I hunt the sin in man's soul until I find none."

II

But if the east wind of retribution blows ever so fiercely, the west wind of recovery blows stronger

still. Indeed, the very chapter that tells of the east wind of destruction tells also of the west wind of restoration. "And the Lord turned an exceeding strong west wind, which took up the locusts and drove them into the Red Sea; there remained not one locust in all the coasts of Egypt."

Our truth, then, is this: God's medicinal, healing forces are more and stronger than the wounding, destructive forces. Is not this the very heart of the Gospel? Always emphasizing the awfulness of sin, the Lord Christ constantly exults in the wonder and glory of salvation. "The Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins." Though men's sins be as scarlet, He makes men's souls whiter than snow. The law of life in Christ Jesus makes us free from the law of sin and death.

Take, for example, the matter of human failure. The locusts of destruction have settled in swarms upon the coasts of human life. There are failures, evidently, all about us. Sir Oliver Lodge says: "There was a real risk in making a human race on this planet. Ultimate good was not guaranteed. Some parts of the universe must be far better than this, but some may be worse. Some planets may comparatively fail. The power of evil may here and there get the upper hand." And the scientist is right; the east wind of evil roars throughout our world. But this does not blind him, and should not blind us, to the still greater truth of the west wind of recovery, which blows on and blows ceaselessly.

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He continues: "This planet is surely not going to fail. Its destinies have been more and more entrusted to us. For millions of years it laboured, and now it has produced a human race—a late-comer to the planet, only recently arrived, only partly civilized as yet. But already it has produced Plato and Newton and Shakespeare; yes, and it has been the dwelling-place of Christ. Surely, it is going to succeed, and in good time to be the theatre of such a magnificent development of human energy and power and joy as to compensate, and more than compensate, for all the pain and suffering, all the blood and tears, which have gone to prepare the way."

But if the scientist, weighing all the facts, believes that the omnipotence of God shall overcome the prevalence of evil, that the west wind of recovery is stronger than the east wind of destruction, he is in perfect accord with the Patmos seer: "And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth are passed away; and the sea is no more. And I saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from God, made ready as a bride adorned for her husband. And I heard a great voice out of the throne saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and He shall dwell with them, and they shall be His peoples, and God Himself shall be with them, and be their God: and He shall wipe away every tear from their eyes; and death shall be no more; neither shall

there be mourning, nor crying, nor pain, any more: the first things are passed away. And he that sitteth on the throne said, Behold, I make all things new."

Out of the chaos of the actual God is calling the harmony of the ideal; out of the night the dawn; out of pain and discord the white peace and melody of man's unrecorded dream. We see not yet all things put under Him, but we see Jesus. Blessed is the universe, and blessed are the souls, that have caught the light of His vision splendid! For that vision strengthens, sustains, and heals as we go on toward the sunrising of heaven's perfect day. Scientists say that blood flows more freely to the sound of music. And have not the blood and tears of the noble and great of all ages flowed more freely, because they heard the golden bells of heaven ring far up among the peaks of eternity and joined by faith in the song of Moses and the Lamb, and the hundred and forty and four thousand chanting the new song of the worlds before the throne of God!

"I fear no more. The clouded face
Of nature smiles; through all her things
Of time and space and sense I trace
The moving of the Spirit's wings
And hear the song of hope she sings."

III

Spiritually speaking, one of the most injurious of all soul-winds is the north wind. "The north wind driveth away rain," says the seer. And when rain goes, blight comes. One of the loveliest of Old Testament similes is this: "I will be as the dew unto Israel." It is Jehovah telling His people how His presence shall be to them as refreshing and invigorating as the pure, vitalizing dewdrops are to plant life. But is it not perpetually true that the soul has its own north winds, which drive away the fertilizing rains of God?

There is the north wind of cynicism. If vulgarity is the vinegar of villainy, cynicism is as bitter as gall to humanity. The devil is a cynic par excellence as he asks: "Doth Job fear God for nought?" Or, to put it in the vernacular of his twentieth century descendant: "Every man has his price." Up in the Bronx Park is a Japanese black bear, which seems to have discovered the secret of perpetual motion, while his disposition proves that he is the cynic's foreordained affinity. The animal whirls round and round all the time, and then he goes round and round some more—a kind of four-legged gyroscope. His pedigree is printed and hung up on one side of the cage: "This small specimen is remarkable for its small size and its bad temper toward man and beast; also, its extreme cowardice. None of our specimens ever have manifested friend-

liness, either toward their keepers or their cagemates." Now, every cynic ought to visit that Japanese bear. To see himself as others see him, moving about on all-fours, might be profitable in working a reformation, if failing to prove a means of grace. The north wind of cynicism, fortunately, blights none so much as the cynic himself.

Very common, too, is the north wind of indifference to the highest, with a corresponding sense of self-satisfaction and self-complacency in general. "How's your health this morning, Mr. Jones?" "Fine, fine!" "And how is it with your soul?" The only answer is dead silence and blank consternation! We talk about the weather, our neighbours, our politics, our police grafting, and all the small talk mortals are capable of, but never a word about the spiritual and eternal. Frederic Myers used to tell of how, after dinner, he pressed upon his host the subject of immortality. After much hesitancy and many evasions, the host replied: "Of course, if you press me, I believe that we shall all enter into eternal bliss; but I wish you wouldn't talk about such disagreeable subjects." Perhaps Mr. Myers's host is not unfamiliar to us. Yet is not such an attitude frankly unchristian? One of St. John's great prayers, written to Gaius, reads: "I pray that in all things thou mayest prosper, and be in health, even as thy soul prospereth." Why, the temporal is so intertwined with the eternal, the true welfare of the physical so dependent upon just and harmonious

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relations with the spiritual, that we ought to emphasize it in our conversation and practice.

At one of the meetings of the American Board in this city a few years ago, I heard Dr. A. J. Lyman recall a conversation with Mr. Beecher. He said they were walking along the street one night, and just about the time they were parting, Beecher said to him: "Well, Lyman, I suppose they will lay me in Greenwood some day; but God knows I won't stay there." Dr. Lyman asked: "Where may we expect to find you, Mr. Beecher?" The great preacher answered—and Dr. Lyman said these were his exact words: "Where? Why, somewhere in the thick of things for my country and my Christ!" In other words, to be effectively in the thick of things, either here or there, and to make a permanent contribution to our country, we must be good soldiers of Jesus Christ. Two days before his 47th birthday, the last night before his death, and the last entry Arnold of Rugby ever made in his journal, were these words: "Above all, let me mind my own personal work—to keep myself pure and zealous and believing,—labouring to do God's will, yet not anxious that it should be done by me rather than by others, if God disapproves of my doing it." Ah, men, the north wind of blight can never blow its dry and desiccating blasts upon a life that is a constant protest against cynicism and indifference to the higher interests of the soul. For a man shall be as an hiding place from the wind, as rivers of water in

a dry place, as the shelter of a great rock in a weary land—that is life indeed!

“Oh, the fret of the brain,
And the wounds and the worry;
Oh, the thought of love and the thought of death—
And the soul in its silent hurry.

“But the stars break above,
And the fields flower under;
And the tragical life of man goes on,
Surrounded by beauty and wonder.”

IV

Finally, the soul has its south wind—the wind of blossom and bloom. Elihu asked Job: “Dost thou know how thy garments are warm, when He quieteth the earth by the south wind?” To the Arab the south wind is loaded with moisture from the Mediterranean, and he calls this sweet, golden wind the father of the rain. O, beautiful symbol of God’s dear presence in the soul of man! The south wind of bloom lifts the veil of mystery from the face of God, as we hear One say: “He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father.” And a great multitude answer with Browning:

“That Face, far from vanish, rather grows,
Or decomposes but to recompose,
Become my universe that feels and knows.”

And does not the south wind of bloom bring balm to wounded souls? During the Franco-Prussian war,

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at the siege of Paris, the French went out under cover of night to gather up their wounded. Moving about among the injured, they called in low tones, so as not to betray their presence to the enemy: "If there are any wounded here, we are your friends, come to help you. If you are injured, let it be quietly known, and we will take you to safety and comfort." And, my friends, there is Another who moves quietly about from place to place over the battlefield of life—His heart is full of tears and His healing touch is full of health—calling out of the deep night to injured souls: "I have come for you. O, come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." And does not the south wind of bloom also bring the feeling of home to homegoing spirits? Some one said to Horace Bushnell: "Doctor, when you go to heaven, I think some angel will say, There comes a man the Master knows." "Well," answered Bushnell, with great delicacy, "I hope I may not be entirely unknown to the Master when I get home." Ah, yes, the One who said, "In my Father's house are many mansions," also said: "I know mine own and mine own know me."

My message, then, is this: We live in a horribly dangerous universe, if we live wickedly; we live in a beautifully helpful universe, if we live righteously. Mightier than the east wind of retribution is the west wind of recovery, and stronger than the north wind of blight is the south wind of bloom. For Ezekiel's

vision is forever true: "Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain that they may live. So I prophesied as he commanded me, and the breath came into them, and they lived, and stood upon their feet, an exceeding great army." And Christ's good news to Nicodemus is still the best and latest news our earth may hear: "Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again. The wind bloweth where it will, and thou hearest the voice thereof, but knowest not whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit." Thus our human valleys of dry bones are turned into the blooming gardens of God; and thus, also, the once-born man becomes the twice-born immortal, calmly but triumphantly waiting the hour when he shall hear the glad summons to be born a third time, delivered from the pangs of death into the soft mothering bosom of God and the strong encircling arms of eternal life!

VII

CHRISTIAN WHOLENESS

"Jesus saith unto him, Wouldest thou be made whole?"
—ST. JOHN V:6.

THE scene is an out-of-doors hospital. Its name is Bethesda, the House of Mercy. It is located by the sheep gate in Jerusalem. Its roof is the blue sky, its floors the crystal water. It has five wards named porches. It has patients of many varieties—the sick, the blind, the halt, the withered. It has as its surgeon-in-chief the divine Jesus. I think a wave of hopefulness swept over all the inmates when they saw Him. He approaches the cot of the most helpless one among them. "If He can cure our fellow-sufferer of thirty-eight years," they say, "surely there is hope for every one of us." And indeed they are right. For wherever Jesus goes, health, hope, and happiness become contagious. So it is a fine day for the patients. They all seem to be on the mend now. In fact, they will soon be ready for callers, because the Divine Visitor has come among them. Truly, they all enjoyed better health after Jesus entered those unwall'd wards of disease and despair.

And it was just like the Master to single out the most hopeless patient of all. John probably witnessed the operation. At any rate, he has preserved a history of the case for the Christian Lancet known as the New Testament. While he does not detail the symptoms of the disease, John is careful to record the words of the Surgeon. So the cure seems to crystallize itself into a study of "Christian Wholeness." We will let our thoughts gather about these centres: The Question of Life's Master—The Answer of Life's Crippled—The Command of Life's Lord.

I

The Question of Life's Master: "*Wouldest thou be made whole?*" Wholeness is the major note in the music of Christianity. With one hand it takes the universe in its imperial grasp, while with the other it draws the flawless circle of perfection around it. The ultimate aim of the Christian religion is completion, for its genius is in the fact that it can be satisfied with nothing less. Christianity, therefore, confronts every thing and being—every man and angel, every atom and star—with the question "*Wouldest thou be made whole?*" Christianity is the one religion that can ask this question and calmly wait for response. Other religions wear out while waiting for an answer. But Christianity can patiently wait, because it turns the centuries on its

finger-tips and folds eternity within the hollow of its hand.

Christianity asks for physical wholeness. As Christians, we cannot be too often reminded that the universe is the property of the God manifested by Christ. I say property, being a citizen of the twentieth century, but the nobler term is garment—the earth and the heavens, according to the psalmist, being the garment or vesture of Jehovah. We are in error, I think, to say the garment is finished. No! the Infinite Weaver is momentarily toiling at His majestic loom named the universe. Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter tell us that He is ever slipping new designs into His loom. And as the æons come and go the shuttles fly—mountains become plains, valleys tower into lofty ranges, oceans change their beds, cities rise and fall, civilizations wax and wane, nations are born and die—but the Mighty Weaver weaves on, sleepless, tireless, exhaustless, intent on finishing His glorious garment.

Moreover, I have the conviction that no man can be on thoroughly good terms with matter, can understand its deeper significations, read its profounder suggestions, who has not glimpsed the mystery and majesty of creation as revealed in Christ. That He holds the key that will unlock all barred doors in the universal cosmos, I have not the slightest doubt. That He, in His miracles, and especially in His resurrection and ascension, exhibited a mastery over matter untold centuries in advance of the most dar-

ing dreams and generalizations of modern science, I think is unquestionable. I lately put down the most masterful volume on the philosophy of religion that has perhaps ever been published. It is a book of simply stupendous learning and research. Its author set before him the task of discovering and appraising the value of religion, no matter when and where found, in its ability to interpret man's true relation to God, to man, and to the universe. After closing this marvellous volume, I am compelled to set down my humble, but deep conviction, that in the Jesus of history and the Christ of glory, there is unveiled the secret of God's purpose for humanity, as well as affording the one and only key to the mysteries and splendours of creation itself. So, as never before, I can say with Paul: "In Him were all things created, in the heavens and upon the earth, things visible and things invisible, whether thrones or dominions or principalities or powers; all things have been created through Him and unto Him; and He is before all things, and in Him all things hold together."

Christianity asks for mental wholeness. The Greek ideal of the human body—and Christianity's bodily ideal is much nobler and higher—is the barest hint of the large and spacious wholeness our religion offers to man's intellectual capacity. The truth of the matter is, it is not possible for the mind of man to reach its true ripeness without invoking the Christian powers. There is nothing arbitrary in this—it

is the law upon which the very constitution of the mind itself is based. As the plant requires the sun to untwist and draw out its hidden life into the beauty of a rose, so the human mind requires the Holy Spirit's tides of fructifying fulness poured into it, before it can pass into the mellow splendour and full-toned richness for which it was designed. Mind you, I do not affirm that there may not be intellectual "rigour and vigour" without this. But I do say that the intellect, however vigorous, rigorous, or acute, cannot attain its best and true estate without the completing energies of the Holy Spirit. Professor James uses Renan as an illustration "of the way in which breadth and knowledge may make one only a dilettante in possibilities." I thank him for the phrase. It expresses my idea precisely. No matter how ample a man's store of knowledge may be, until his brain has been smitten through and through by the light and inspiration of the Holy Spirit, he is after all "only a dilettante in possibilities."

"I regard Christian," wrote the late Professor Edward Caird, "as the permanent adjective by which we must define the growing ideal of humanity." And that "permanent adjective," as I verily believe, fits no side of human nature with more thoroughgoing satisfaction than the intellectual side. Christ challenges the strong, but imperfect brain, with the question: "Wouldest thou be made whole?"

Christianity asks for spiritual wholeness. I men-

tion this supreme quality last because it is the New Testament order. "Howbeit that is not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; then that which is spiritual." And yet, in a profoundly true sense, the priority of the spiritual is indisputable. Because God is a Spirit and eternally is, makes it possible for the universe and humanity to become. In all ultimate thinking, and in the fashion set by revelation, spirituality is not a fringe tacked on to the garment of life. Rather is it the very fibre which explains the warp and the woof. Jesus says, "I came that they may have life, and may have it abundantly." Christ opens the sluice-gates of the eternal reservoirs, from whence the brimming rivers of life pour into the human consciousness. And that is why He says to us all, "Ye therefore shall be perfect, as your heavenly Father is perfect." Life's Master, then, has a consuming passion for spiritual perfection. He declares that the spiritual shall drink all life up into itself, even as the sun drinks up the dew, for quickening, cleansing, and hallowing, that spiritualized life may be poured forth again in ever refreshing showers of divine fulness and beauty.

But in demanding wholeness of the physical, mental, and spiritual, let us not forget that Christ presupposes the unflinching coöperation of the human. Christ straightened out many withered folks in the days of His humiliation, but He did not turn one into a mere automaton. So, He says to you and to

me: "Wouldest thou be made whole?" That is to say: As an immortal spirit, are you willing to be made whole? Are you willing to go the full length of your own ability, however meagre? Do you want health deeply enough to throw your crutches away forever? Then will you comply with the conditions of health, if I grant it?

II

The Answer of Life's Crippled: "*Sir, I have no man, when the water is troubled, to put me into the pool: but while I am coming, another steppeth down before me.*" These words bring before the mind's eye three classes of people. I am reminded, first, of those who feel that they have lost their opportunity. Perhaps they entered life under some hereditary handicap. Even before they had learned to toddle, they involuntarily joined the vast army of the crippled. They had no one, when God's angel troubled the waters of childhood, to dip them into the healing, sweetening pool of goodness. When two boys saw a crippled man, the suggestive comment of one was: "I reckon somebody stepped on him when he was little." And there are many spiritual cripples lining the shore of human life today who were stepped on when they were little! In this same category are those who say: "I never had the means of acquiring an education. There is an unappeased mental hunger constantly gnawing at my brain. In my

growing years, when the pool of knowledge was troubled, alas! there was no man to put me in. Now, my faculties are withered, and I am the unhappy companion of the intellectually lame. Day by day I sit and watch the heaving billows roll in from the ocean of knowledge, but they leave with me no mental treasure." To this same category, also, belong those who bemoan the fact that they were not lifted out of their cradles and plunged into the shimmering sea of wealth. "Sir," they say, "I have no man, when the financial waters are troubled, casting up their gilt-edged stocks and bonds, to put me into the pool."

Now, to these three classes—the hereditarily, the educationally, the financially crippled—let me say just a word. You have no monopoly, my friend, upon the handicap named heredity. "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God"—that is the plain statement of a universal fact. But the glory of God is more than sufficient for the sin and shortness of all—that is the comfortable message of the Gospel. It is the Gospel of the first century, and it is also the conclusion of the twentieth. For, according to one of our most competent scholars, the uniform deliverance of all religions consists of two parts: First, an uneasiness; and, second, its solution. "The uneasiness, reduced to its simplest terms, is a sense that there is something wrong about us as we naturally stand. The solution is a sense that we are saved

from the wrongness by making proper connection with the higher powers."

Moreover, if you have been deprived of the blessing of what is technically termed an education, then I beseech you, redouble your energies in gathering up the rubies of wisdom. For the vast majority, it is still true that "knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers." If, then, you have been deprived of an education, by faithful obedience to the laws of God and your own soul, you may yet climb the radiant heights of wisdom and enjoy the peace that passeth knowledge. This is indeed that wisdom without which knowledge, mere education, but reveals the thinness of its own inner substance.

As to harbouring regrets over the lack of wealth, most people, I think, should be congratulated that they do not possess it. To master money rather than be mastered by it, to make wealth a servant rather than become its slave, is, according to the verdict of human experience, a tremendously difficult task, and one all too rarely achieved in our own time. We cannot overlook the fact that those who have been entrusted with wealth have likewise been entrusted with great responsibility. The riddle of the rich man, the camel, and the needle's eye, still has before it the words: "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God!" These words were spoken by One who knew not the pettiness of class hatred, but who knew the infinite worth of souls. Jeremiah embodies the true ideal for all:

“Thus saith the Lord, Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might, let not the rich man glory in his riches: but let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth, and knoweth Me, that I am the Lord which exercise lovingkindness, judgment, and righteousness, in the earth: for in these things I delight, saith the Lord.”

But this unfortunate man stands, I think, for a second class of persons. I refer to the quiet, unaggressive, unobtrusive souls, who are always content to hide themselves in the background. Robert Louis Stevenson's "Aunt June" is their patron saint. Many and many a time the prizes of life seemed to be within their grasp. If they had been a little more ambitious, a little more selfish, perhaps, the treasure might have been theirs. But no! just then a longer, a more acquisitive hand shot forth and grasped the prize. And in none but the noblest sense the attitude of their lives is expressed in the words: "But while I am coming, another stepped down before me."

Well, I believe that these unselfish souls do not ask or need our sympathy. Have you paused to consider that they have satisfactions that coarser natures know nothing about? Not long ago I climbed to the summit of a "heaven-kissing hill." The journey up was wearisome enough. But the top of the hill was worth all the toil it took to reach it. For we then had not only a splendid view of the

surrounding country, but our cheeks were fanned by breezes freighted with the perfume of the honeysuckle. Such breezes cannot be described. They are like religion in this—they must be experienced in order to be appreciated. And as there are honeysuckled hills in the gardens of nature, so there are honeysuckled souls in the Country of the Spirit. Living suppressed lives, they also perfume the spiritual winds that cleanse and bless with their sacrificial sweetness. They are minstrels of the Eternal Goodness. They are gleams out of the Face of God. They are the alabaster souls—they are ever being broken, and they are ever shedding forth their divine odour.

III

The Command of Life's Lord: "*Jesus saith unto him, Arise, take up thy bed, and walk.*" Ascent—Mastery—Progress: these are the terms of our Lord's command.

"Arise!" It seems to ring out of the unseen sanctuaries of the spiritual and eternal. It has the wealth of health in its tones. In Christ, ascent may be glimpsed from the nethermost descent. His power somehow gets in beneath the cellars of being, and there is the instantaneous thrill of a mighty upheaval. "Arise!" smites the soul sleeping the sleep of death. At first there may be only the feeble response of a mere blink. But it comes again and again: "Arise, arise! I say unto thee, Arise!"

Now the blink has gone, and there is a wide open gaze toward the invisible. "Arise, arise, arise!"—ah! new worlds of light are breaking, new aspirations are created, new hopes are kindled, new loves are born! The personal centres of being are shifted. They are moved out of darkness into light, out of the carnal into the spiritual. Great hates are fostered—hates for old, unspiritual loves. Great loves are engendered—loves for the new, true things of God and the soul. Auerbach wrote in his last letter: "Always think of me as striving blithely upward." And it is just this upward striving of the soul that begins, in obedience to the desire for wholeness, when Christ commands the life of ascent.

Then, also, the awakened desire to climb is followed by a consciousness of God-given mastery: "Take up thy bed." Take up the very thing upon which you lay prone, crippled, helpless, and throw it across your shoulder. Make that evil habit, which has so often tripped you, to be your willing slave. Henceforth carry the bed that has carried you. Master the thing that has been your master. You were not intended to be a spiritual lounge, but a spiritual ascender, a spiritual master! Is it not something like this that sounds in the life in which the great things, the imperial joys, the other world powers have found hospitality? The other morning there floated up from the street, through my study window, the quick, shrill blasts of a boy's whistle. Never before had this whistle given satisfaction to

its blower. From the time I bought it and gave it to the lad, it seemed to be clogged up. Of course it could not, in that condition, make much noise—and noiseless things are always away below par in the estimation of a healthy boy. But, as I say, on this particular morning there was plenty of ear-splitting sound. Moreover, I found the boy was going from house to house with the postman, blowing his whistle. When I asked what had happened to the toy, I received this answer: “I got my whistle cleaned out this morning.” “By whom?” “Why, the postman—he did it!”

Ah! there is a world of suggestiveness in that cleaned out whistle! That silver morning was filled with oceans of pure atmosphere, but none of it could pass through a stopped up whistle. And there are heavenly winds lingering about that mystic flute named the soul. They are saying, as Mendelssohn says a mountain or a river used to say unto him, “Turn me into music, play me on the organ.” But so long as the impure atmospheres have the right of way, the soul’s true symphonies must remain forever unplayed. “If the light that is within thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!” If the melody that is within thee be discord, how great is that discord!

Finally, the command of life’s Lord is progress: “Walk!” “I have told you, O withered soul, to rise up: I have told you to be a master; now I tell you to ascend unto increasing mastery for ever and

ever. I here and now open before you vistas of endless progress. You need not be overwhelmed by the thought. Though you learn never so slowly, remember you are going to learn forever. Be not oppressed by the march of cycles. I am King of the Ages. They can bring nothing to you that I have not already brought to them. And I have loaded them with goodness, wisdom, and life, to leave with you in increasing abundance. You are now within the sphere of the infinite. You do not walk *towards* Me, O soul, but *within* Me. I am the Alpha and the Omega, the first and the last, the bright, the Morning Star!"

In some such way I seem to hear the voice of my Lord speaking to all crippled souls. He leads the human spirit in behind the vision of things. He is the architect and builder of Christian Wholeness. I am glad that with His incarnation, the power of a new order of mind was projected into the sphere of our humanity. I am glad that He makes us dream of the day when we shall be like Him. I am glad, also, that in this very dreaming it is a law of God and the soul that we are becoming like Him. For Christ is to me the picture of a perfected universe. That is to say, Christ's manifested perfection as God and man is a prophecy of what the universe of matter and of souls shall be, when God is all in all.

VIII

THE GARDEN OF LIFE *

"And the Lord God took the man, and put him into the garden of Eden to dress and to keep it. And out of the ground the Lord God formed every beast of the field, and every fowl of the air; and brought them unto the man to see what he would call them: and whatsoever the man called every living creature, that was the name thereof."—GEN. II: 15-19.

IT has been some fourteen years since I sat at the feet of the noble men who founded this school a half century ago. If the men whom they have trained for college and university, could stand here this morning, they would make an army of many thousands. While the school has always been noted for its superior training in Latin, Greek, Mathematics, and Literature, it has been especially noted for the high standard of character impressed upon its students. You could always tell an Arnold-grown man, for the Master of Rugby silently but powerfully crept into the mental bone and moral sinew of his boys. It is not otherwise with the Masters here, and the world is better because this is true.

* Commencement Sermon at the Webb School, Belle Buckle, Tenn., May 5, 1912.

I am to speak to you from a familiar passage of Scripture, but a very beautiful and suggestive one, I think. Few metaphors are so brimful of lessons for wise and gracious living as that of a garden. Naturally, we are thinking of gardens at this season because they are full of good things to eat. But finer than its fruits and vegetables is the profound law of growth which the garden illustrates. Apples grow, peas grow, watermelons grow, beans grow, flowers grow, and they are very necessary and exceedingly interesting. But to my mind, the most enchantingly fascinating processes witnessed in the entire realm of growing things are exemplified in growing boys and girls, growing men and women. Therefore, my subject is, "The Garden of Life—the Owner of the Garden, and its Keeper."

I

My text suggests, at once, that the Owner of life's garden is God: "And the Lord God took the man, and put him into the garden of Eden to dress it and to keep it." And man's supreme quest is to discover the Owner of the garden. His happiness, his peace, his worth, his self-realization are so dependent upon his acquaintance with God that man's career, apart from this superlative blessedness, is but a broken hope and a gnawing despair. Man cannot work without God—he slaves. Man cannot climb without God—he creeps. Man cannot think

without God—he beats the air. Man cannot live without God—he merely exists. “Jehovah is my strength and song: and He is become my salvation.” This is the psalmist’s threefold interpretation of the practice of the presence of God. Expressed in modern terms, it means that religion is strength, religion is harmony, religion is wholeness. Thus the strength of the living God is knit in with man’s soul, the music of man’s harmonized being is breathed back to the Eternal Love, the completion of man’s nature is witnessed in the divine perfection.

Now, the arguments for the presence and proprietorship of God in His garden are many and familiar. Let us consider a few.

First, there is the argument of the garden itself—the great universe. The story that Agassiz refused a trip to Europe because he was too busy exploring the wonders of his little garden is at least suggestive. When we consider the brain, the character, the eyes through which the scientist viewed his small strip of real estate, it must have seemed more splendid than the Hanging Gardens of Babylon to sensual eyes whose light was worse than darkness. But Agassiz’s patch of wonder-teeming soil is infinitely less than a hint of the blooming, blazing garden which you and I have been commanded to dress and keep. Does your garden have a wooden fence about it? God has fenced His universe-garden with flashing stars.

Does your garden produce vegetables? God's measureless world-garden produces immortal men and ministering angels. Does your garden nourish the body? Man cannot live by bread alone, and, therefore, God's far-flung garden is packed with thought, crammed with purpose, and set with high tasks for the making of character. For what we get out of the world is a mere trifle compared with what the world gets out of us. We sow the seed of labour, thought, truth, goodness, sorrow, prayer into the pregnant, mystic furrows of the universe, and in due season we reap a harvest of Godlikeness, of Christian character, and so lift heavenward what Milton called earth's finest fruit—good men and good women.

One twilight, many years ago, a stranger came to our home in the country and asked for my father. Mother answered: "He is hoeing in the garden." The man replied: "Then I will go into the garden and see him." And I followed the man through that fragrant June twilight into the garden, where we found my father hoeing. What ridges of green, what patches of white, what spots of yellow and gold! Like soft, chiming bells of forgotten heavens, the memory of these old elemental poetries of childhood makes us break into the dear human chant: "O rich and various man! thou palace of sight and sound, carrying in thy senses the morning and the night, and the unfathomable galaxies; in thy brain the geometry of the City of God; in thy heart the

bower of love, and the realms of right and wrong!" But you ask: "What of it? There's nothing out of the ordinary in a man hoeing in his garden." You are quite right, and that is precisely why I recall this childhood memory, so commonplace as to be almost trite. And yet every day, every hour, every moment are we not all simply hoeing in God's garden? We may be killing flowers or hilling weeds; we may be digging up virtues by the roots or setting the fruits of righteousness in a constantly richer, finer soil. But whichever it is, everybody is hoeing—big men and little men, good men and bad men, wise men and foolish men, old men and young men.

Why, history itself is only another way of saying that men have been here and hoed their rows in God's many-coloured garden. Homer walks down this row and chants his sphere-melody. Plato strolls out yonder path and drops his golden speech like rain to fertilize the thought of the race. Shakespeare seems to set his gigantically nimble feet in all the highways of human nature, holding the mirror of man's soul up before the wide-open gaze of the worlds. Dante goes down this flaming, red-coated path and brings back such lustrous soul-garments as to nobly fulfil the saying that the great bards have learned in suffering what they taught in song. Angelo, the four-souled—sculptor, painter, architect, poet—threatens to overtax earth's resources in his raging passion to express himself,

demanding marble for his statues, sunsets and sunrises for his pictures, stone quarries for his cathedrals, rhythmic souls for his sonnets. Beethoven walks close up to the throne from under which flow rivers of life and music, discovers that the stars are so many millions of stops in the mighty instrument of world-harmony, and smites the organ keys of the universe until billows of melody break over the shores of earth and time and go rolling and thundering on up the shining cliffs of heaven and eternity.

Newton plods his way over intellectual mountains, concludes that infinite space is the sensorium of Godhead, that a falling apple is a tiny link in the vast, invisible chain binding systems and universes together, reads in the airy, fairy literature of soap-bubbles the romance of the refraction of light, and then crowns it all with the august confession: "I can take my telescope and look millions and millions of miles into space, watch the blazing suns and rolling planets in the infinite depths of immensity; but I can lay it aside and go into my room, shut the door, get down upon my knees in earnest prayer, and see more of heaven and get closer to God than I can assisted by all the telescopes and material agencies of the earth."

Who are these—and all the noble living and the noble dead—but they who have hoed in life's garden, raised a fine crop of immortal virtues, proved their souls and the God who made them, and have thereby

made the garden fairer, sweeter, richer for us as we keep our tryst with the highest in morning glow, noontide heat, and cool of the day?

The second argument for the Owner of the garden is your own life. Professor Max Müller said that it is easier to be inspired than to believe in the inspiration of somebody else. Without, of course, reflecting upon the holy men who spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost, or the unique inspiration of the Bible, or the inspiration and Deity of our Lord, the scholar's statement, it seems to me, is self-evident. The truth is, the inspiration of great souls is incomplete until we ourselves are inspired by the God who inspired them. Asked for the assured truth of Christianity, Coleridge answered: "Try it!" And in the last analysis, trying it is the only satisfactory proof for each soul. History is an unbroken treatise on the presence of God in the great human advance. No man reads history intelligently who fails to see the directing hand of the History-Maker. And yet, so far as your personal experience is concerned, the argument for God from history, and all the imperial souls who have played their parts therein, is, at best, a second-hand, warmed-over argument when compared with the living, breathing, budding divinity within your own nature. If the astronomer who said he had swept the heavens and found no God had wisely looked within, he might have found the very God in whom stars and men move and have their being. God is

not only nearer than breathing, closer than hands and feet, but He is not even so far as to be near.

No wonder Tennyson exhorted men to speak to God, because God is spirit, man is God's child, the spiritual efflorescence of Godhead, and always, everywhere, spirit with spirit can meet. "The open secret of the world," says an American prophet, "is the art of subliming a private soul with inspirations from the great and public and divine Soul from which we live." Then why should we spend our lives looking for wonders distant and far away, when the great God hath fashioned our hearts to be His home, which He will illumine with a light beyond the splendour of setting suns, and without whose inliving we shall find neither peace for to-day nor hope for to-morrow? Pascal said that happiness is neither within nor without us, but the union of our souls with God. And a greater than Pascal—the One from whom Pascal received his supreme thoughts—said: "If ye abide in Me, and My words abide in you, ask whatsoever ye will, and it shall be done unto you."

If the first witness to the Owner of the garden is the universe, the second is your own nature, the most marvellously brilliant and mysterious flower the garden has yet grown.

The third argument for the Owner of the garden is our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Interesting, indeed, is this noble book of Professor Barbour, showing how the sunlike teachings of Christ

woo all the buds of promise, found in ethnic religions, into the full-blown rose of Christian idealism. It is interesting, also, to trace Christ's influence in the arts and sciences of modern civilization. He is the inspiration of our noblest architecture, yet He never built a cathedral. He is the refrain of our sublimest music, yet He never composed an oratorio. He is the theme of our immortal pictures, yet He never wielded a brush. He is the meaning of our grandest poems, yet He never wrote a line, save upon the ground. He is the subject of our loftiest philosophies, yet He had no Academy like Plato, and no palace like Marcus Aurelius. He is the ideal of earth's greatest statesmen, yet He delivered no slaves like Moses, wrote no Declaration of Independence like Jefferson, prepared no financial budgets like Gladstone. He is the problem of every generation, yet He formulated no Principia like Newton, conceived no mathematical science like Pascal, expressed no third law like Kepler.

Consider for a moment: Why is this? Why does the dominant Figure of human history lay claim to no special art or science in human history? Now, unless Christ Jesus be the very and eternal God, entered into human relations in His mighty mission of rescue and redemption, this is the most utterly insoluble problem that ever confronted our race. If, on the other hand, the second person of the Godhead has walked our human ways, and filled human life

with new meanings and majesties at every point, we may understand how He is the inspiration and genius of every worthy human activity, and yet especially claimed by none for the very august reason that He is the Master of all, the Guide of all, the Redeemer of all, unto the praise and glory of God! Does night's star-spangled dome say: "This star is mine, that planet is mine, yonder galaxy is mine?" No—night says: "All stars, all planets, all galaxies are mine." Does the ocean say: "That river is mine, this stream is mine, yonder rivulet is mine?" No—the ocean thunders: "All rivers, all streams, all rivulets are mine." Does the sun say: "Yonder meadow is mine, that garden is mine, this tiny blade of grass is mine?" No—the sun breathes his silent, life-giving power into each and all as he whispers: "O good green meadow, O sweet blooming garden, O dew-gemmed blade of grass, ye are all mine, mine, and mine alone!" And the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity says: "All souls are mine. All arts, all sciences, all civilizations, all ages are mine. And I so love the world that I have given, and am still giving, my only begotten Son that whosoever believeth on Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life." Christ is the Amen of the universe to the righteousness in God and the deathless in man. It is this that lends an infinitely sweet and profoundly significant authority to His words for the race: "I am come that they have life, and may have it abundantly." It is this,

also, that explains why the finest souls of the race have adoringly bowed in His white presence and said:

“Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood Thou;
Our wills are ours, we know not how:
Our wills are ours, to make them Thine.”

These, then, are a few of His witnesses: The infinite garden named the universe, the inscrutable wonder and mystery of your own nature, the Son of Man and Son of God, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

II

Turning to our text once again we read: “And out of the ground the Lord God formed every beast of the field, and every fowl of the air; and brought them unto the man to see what he would call them: and whatsoever the man called every living creature, that was the name thereof.” There are two things here which test man’s worth and ability as the keeper of life’s garden.

First, there is his trusteeship. What a picture is this of God bringing the lower orders of creation to man and waiting to see what this newly-elected trustee of His world-house will do with them! Literally, of course, the Eden garden scene is not being repeated for us; but in a far deeper

sense, God is testing our individual trusteeship all the time.

To some, God has brought the gift of an auspicious youth. These dear, halcyon days will never come again. Youth is life's green, growing time, just as these May days are the growing season of the year. Compared with the value of youth, the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow is less than a copper cent. Mind, will, conscience, character, destiny itself are being largely shaped in these youthful years. O, young men, remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, for God hath swung His invisible chariots low and close to your garden of life, to see how the youth of this generation are investing the priceless gifts entrusted to them!

God has also brought special talents to each one. Some of you are to be men of affairs, captains of industry, the fashioners of a material civilization which will help and not hinder the spiritual development of your fellows. Others are to be authors, poets, farmers, lawyers, preachers, teachers, scientists. And you are to fulfil these vocations because God has christened you by nature to enter them. Therefore, you must be yourself, you must be your best self—that is, you must be deep-down, clean-through Christians, because “the one finite thing of superlative worth in the known universe is the life of the Christian.” These are the words with which Professor Warner closes his great book, and I

believe they are grandly true. Returning home from Plymouth Church with a noted Brooklyn physician a few Sunday evenings ago, after we had listened to Dr. Hillis's memorable sermon on Lord Kelvin, the surgeon said to me: "When you hear of a Christian life like that, you can't get away from its argument, can you?" No: the unanswerable apologetic for Christianity is the Christian. After men like Newton and Kelvin have stuffed the physical universe into their brain-pockets and walked away with it, we have to confess that the finest, biggest, most enduring contribution they make to the world is their faith in God and their Christian character. But God is not only waiting to see what the Newtons and Kelvins will do with their trusteeship—He is breathlessly waiting to see what you and I are doing with this wonderful life over which we have been made trustees. "God comes to see us without bell," runs the old proverb. Cherish, therefore, those radiant moments, musical with angel-whisperings, when thy soul and God are met together in a kind of spiritual eternity. Then you can do without watch, sun, moon, and stars: for the timeless will have lifted you above time.

Emerson called the universe the bride of the soul. Well, this wondrous, glorious bride, leaning upon the arm of our Father God, has been given away to you. Or, let me put it in another way: If your credit is good, and the number on your identification ring answers to the number opposite your name

on the company's books, you may order anything you desire at the department store, and it will be delivered at your address. In some such way, the universe stops at your door every morning and asks: "What will you have to-day, O Man? Space is thine; eternity is thine; morning, noon, and night are thine; the uncounted galaxies are thine; spring's emerald, summer's fruit, autumn's gold, winter's white—all, all are thine; noble friendships, unheard melodies, perfumed winds, immortal ichors, silken skies are thine; and best of all, God, Christ, the Holy Spirit are thine!" The man alive unto God in Christ possesses the inexhaustible wealth taken from the deep mines of eternity, and while walking the changeful ways of time he shall have grace to sing:

"I may not own an inch of land, but all I see is mine;
 The orchards and the mowing fields, the lawns and gardens
 fine.
 The winds my tax-collectors are, they bring me tithes
 divine—
 Wild scents and subtle essences, a tribute rare and free;
 And more magnificent than all, my window keeps for me
 A glimpse of blue immensity—a little strip of sea."

Scarcely less important than man's trusteeship is the stamp of his own personal signature upon life and its materials. "And whatsoever the man called every living creature, that was the name thereof." This is not ancient history, my friends, but more modern than the last tick of the watch. Come out

of the Eden garden, therefore, into this very hour. Here is the man—I know him, and so do you—who based his life upon trickery, deceit, licentiousness, falsehood. He calls the living creature of life by the defiling name that leaps from his defiled lips, and to him rottenness, however painted and gilded, is the name thereof. And it is truly surprising, as Carlyle suggested, how long the rotten will hold together, until it is roughly handled. But as certain as the tides, as relentless as gravity, the rough handling invariably comes sooner or later. The million voices of the universe cry aloud the warning of the seer: “If you would not be known to do a thing, never do it; a man may play the fool in the drifts of the desert, but every grain of sand shall seem to see. How can a man be concealed? How can a man be concealed?” A man cannot be concealed, and he never publishes himself so glaringly as by the personal signature he writes upon the living realities brought to him by a good God for approval or disapproval, as he keeps or neglects the garden of life.

But if this law operates for the bad man, it operates with greater intensity for the good man. Huxley's lifelong nightmare was that the universe is opposed to man in his realization of moral ends. John Fiske said that, far from agreeing with his friend, he believed that the universe existed for no other purpose than to aid man in the attainment of moral ends. When Athens pressed the cup of hem-

lock to the lips of Socrates, she only hastened the philosopher into a premature immortality, while Athens herself committed suicide. When Rome slew Paul, the apostle rose higher than the heavens to come down all over the world, while the seven-hilled city drove the dagger all the deeper into her own corrupt heart. The blood of the world's Abels no sooner stains the ground than every red drop is taken up by whispering tongues of grass, coined into burning words and hurled in baneful accusations against their murderers. The stars still fight against Sisera, and they must continue to fight on for God and right or be hurled from their thrones. God is not mocked, but mockers are; whatsoever a man soweth, that—not something else—shall he reap, multiplied many fold, good or evil.

Thought-sculpture outlasts stone-sculpture. Therefore, think of the true, think of the honourable, think of the just, think of the pure, think of the lovely. After all, things are thinkings, and they speak to us of the Eternal Thinker. Stars are God's thoughts in brilliance, mountains are God's thoughts in sublimity, oceans are God's thoughts in majesty, men and women are God's thoughts in immortal mortals. O, may we be worthy of our garden! May we love and know the Gardener better! May we appreciate the awful responsibilities of our trusteeship! May we place the signature of noble souls upon the living creatures—thought, purpose, beauty, work, sympathy, love—which God is mo-

mentarily bringing to us to see what we will call them. And remember, young men, this star-high, sea-deep truth: Whatsoever you, by your own choice and election, call the privileges, tasks, hopes, and duties of life, these are the names thereof, and shall be, for time and eternity. Kipling nobly expresses our truth in his great poem:

“When earth’s last picture is painted, and the tubes are
twisted and dried,
When the oldest colour has faded, and the youngest critic
has died,
We shall rest for a season, and faith, we shall need it, lie
down for an æon or two,
Till the Master of all good workmen shall set us to work
anew.

“And those that were good shall be happy, they shall sit
in a golden chair
And splash at a ten-league canvas with brushes of comets’
hair.
They shall have real saints to paint from—Magdalene,
Peter, and Paul;
They shall work an age at a sitting, and never be tired
at all.

“And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master
shall blame;
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work
for fame,
But each for the joy of the working, and each in his
separate star,
Shall draw the thing as he sees it for the God of Things
as they are!”

IX

“OUR NEW HOUSE”*

“For we know that if the earthly house of our tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building from God, a house not made with hands, eternal, in the heavens.”—II. COR. V: 1.

THE afternoon and morning papers, following the Equitable fire last Tuesday, were especially interesting from the standpoint of advertisements. Not only were life insurance companies in the forefront with their various policies, but fire-proof buildings were also advertised. Business men simply took advantage of the psychological moment to direct attention to their specific interests. It was entirely legitimate as well as a demonstration of American enterprise.

Now, I was thoroughly interested in the fire-proof buildings, most of which are undoubtedly so until the fire comes. Then the fire-fiend usually drives out the fire-proof man, while the building goes down in ruins. To say nothing of the serious toll in human lives, the injuries sustained by bodies and business are appalling. Such calamities ought to

* Preached in Plymouth Church, January 14, 1912, the Equitable fire occurring the previous Tuesday.

impress upon all of us the uncertainty of our earthly tenure and to fix our thought upon the certainty of a life beyond the reach of fire, flood, disease, and death. It is for this reason, therefore, that I have chosen the text.

Paul is the classic illustration of mastering this world through intimacy with the unseen world. Judged by his sway over Christian history and present thought and civilization, he has already heavily mortgaged the centuries yet unborn. With gigantic stride he went about the earth, because he inhaled the invigorating atmosphere of the unseen and eternal. His other-worldliness made his this-worldliness intelligent, sane, Christlike. For Paul understood what George Meredith has called "the rapture of the forward view." A friend said to me: "You haven't seen our new house." He had just moved out of his old home into a new one. Like hidden choirs of angels, tender memories still sing of the old. Thus, without losing these, he has moved into his new house, and is very happy. So Paul, with shining face and ecstatic voice, is talking to all Christians about our new house crowning the white and golden hills of glory.

I

In thinking of our new house, Paul does not overlook the beauty of these bodies in which we now live. He held no monkish views of the human body.

On the other hand, his appreciation of it is very noble indeed. “Know ye not,” he asks the Corinthians, “that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?” In another place he says, “We are a temple of the living God.” Beyond question, this house in which we live for a few years at longest, is the most wonderful temple in all the world. No palace, no cathedral, no building whatsoever holds the severe beauty, the chaste proportions, the marvellously wrought walls, the gorgeous dome, the magnificent decorations found in the human body. Have you forgotten your first visit to the Vatican? After a night of restful sleep, you went early to feed your hungry eyes upon the grandeur of St. Peter’s. Scarcely getting more than an outline of the great church, you returned to your hotel for more rest and sleep. Next morning you invaded the Vatican, determined to explore as many of those 1,100 rooms as possible. But Raphael’s Transfiguration stood across your path like an angel with drawn sword, saying: “Stop here, and look at me all day long.” And the other 1,099 rooms went unvisited that day.

Yet the Vatican, with its corridors stretching into corridors, with its galleries leading into galleries, with its rooms opening upon rooms, is neither so complex nor so glorious as our bodily temple. What coördination of the separate parts is displayed in the automatic operations of the nervous system! What a circulatory mechanism is driven by that

force-pump named the heart! What a network of bones, muscles, ligaments! What windows out of which the soul leans to look before and after! What auricular instruments for hearing harmonious sounds! What a foundation of dust, a basement of brawn, a parlour of imagination, a heart-room for love, a power house for will, and an observatory for thought! Why, the romance of modern times is recited in the discoveries in the human body. There is Harvey, with his circulation of the blood; Aselli, showing the existence of the lymphatic system of vessels; Hales, revealing the method of the direct measurement of blood-pressure; Haller, with his patient work on the muscles; Lavoisier, discovering oxygen and showing its functions in respiration; Hall, disclosing the nature of reflex actions. These are but a few of the modern explorers of the human temple, standing before its countless mystic doors and adding fresh emphasis to the psalmist's words: "I will give thanks unto Thee; for I am fearfully and wonderfully made."

Now, so far as I have been able to find, Paul had but one objection to his old house. It was entirely too small for him. Wonderful as his more than eleven hundred-roomed dust Vatican was, Paul had grown to such majestic and spacious proportions that he felt dreadfully cramped in his fleshly cottage. Perhaps if he had remained a materialistic Pharisee all his life, in a fashion he might have been satisfied with it. But after becoming a Christian, he thought

less of his real estate and more of his eternal substance; he was in pleasant communication with his Lord; he was so ample, so cosmopolitan, so universal in his sympathies and affinities; he was so keen in his intellections, that his red-veined tabernacle, silver-skinned and golden-blooded though it was, became a positive embarrassment to him. Growing so far, the body grows no more; but a living man grows on and on. Thus Paul faced the problem of a growing man within a decaying body; and of course the growing man solved his problem.

Beginning with the arithmetic of conversion, he worked up the algebra of justification, interpreted the geometry of service, elucidated the trigonometry of sacrifice, delved into the analytic geometry of Christian faith, toiled on the calculus of Christian hope, and finally attained unto the higher mathematics of Christian love. Evidently, such a vast, Christianized, heavenly-sided man had outgrown his astonishing old house. And we must not be harsh with him if he insists on telling us so. So positive was he about that palatial new house he would enter with the last heart-throb of the old, that he was happier than a mother with the first prattle of her babe; happier than a father with the first expression of love from his little son; happier than a boy with his first pair of new boots; happier than a sailor who has sailed around the world and is back home again!

Yes; our transient tent-house, like Paul's, is mar-

vellous, but inadequate. Therefore, it is being momentarily "dissolved," taken down. Every breath is burning its foundations; every heart-beat is weakening its walls; every look is dimming its windows; every word is exhausting its Æolian whispermings; every flush of blood through its intricate plumbing system is wearing it away; every thought is igniting its brain substance. The other day a Paris boy lost an \$8,000 tube of radium because his inside coat pocket was not radium-proof; and the radio-active substance burned its way through his clothing and escaped. Thus Paul's body was not entirely soul-proof. Infinitely more subtle and powerful than this strange substance men are taking from pitchblende, Paul's spirit was eager to move into more commodious quarters, even into one of the many mansions prepared by his Lord. Very different was the feeling of Wagner, when he wrote to Liszt in 1857: "My nervous system resembles a pianoforte very much out of tune, and on that instrument I am expected to produce 'Siegfried.' Well, I fancy the strings will break at last, and then there will be an end." Undoubtedly the strings will break for all of us, but the apparent end is a real beginning; the movable tent gives place to an immovable building; the inadequate, fleshly instrument is exchanged for a capacious, glorified, harplike body which enables a man to completely express his total self. Meanwhile, the exquisite sonnet of Maurice Baring should voice our present feeling:

“I am forever haunted by one dread,
 That I may suddenly be swept away,
 Nor have the leave to see you, and to say
 Good-bye; then this is what I would have said:
 I have loved summer, and the longest day;
 The leaves of June, the slumberous film of heat,
 The bees, the swallow, and the waving wheat,
 The whistling of the mowers in the hay.
 I have loved words which lift the soul with wings,
 Words that are windows to eternal things.
 I have loved souls that to themselves are true,
 Who cannot stoop and know not how to fear,
 Yet hold the talisman of pity's tear:
 I have loved these because I have loved you.”

II

Not only for Paul, but for each one of us, this is a singularly pertinent subject; and if we really believe in the Fatherhood of God, the Saviourhood of Christ, and the communion of the Holy Spirit, it should fill us with a sacred rapture. The theme is timely because a glance at the necrology of 1911 is convincing as to the rapidity of human removals. Eighteen leaders of the Christian Church, fifteen leaders in state and at the bar, seven leaders in journalism and literature, thirteen leaders of the armies and navies changed worlds in the past twelvemonth. I say nothing of the vanished faces from your own hearthstones, nothing of the journeys to God's Acre which are made every seven minutes in this teeming city, nothing of a tenantless body in our world for every tick of the watch. Surely, then, the subject

is timely! And it ought to be spiritually exhilarating. Your own Beecher used to say that a man may measure his growth in grace, or the lack of it, by the impression the very name of God makes upon him. He held that the mention of that ineffable name, if the soul has been harmonized by Christ with the Spirit of God, quickens thought, kindles the imagination, inspires worship, deepens the purpose, sets the heart's joy-bells to ringing. So, if we are forsaking our low-vaulted past, and are working together with God in building more stately mansions for the soul, a vision of their spiritual spires and music-sweetened rooms ought to make us bigger, better, and more skilful in transacting the holy business of living here and now. As Christians, we must live well not because we are going to die tomorrow, or next year, or ten years hence, but because we are going to live for ever and ever.

Now, Paul emphasizes, in our text, some characteristics of the Christian's new house. The first is its readiness, its preparedness. He says when the old tent is taken down the permanent home is ready for occupancy at once. "We have a building from God." Because we are united unto Christ by the Spirit of God, when the winds of death blow our way, the soul slips gently through the waving folds of its tent into the cathedral amplitude of its waiting house. We say of a minor he has so much property. Buried in those Equitable vaults across the river yonder are a billion dollars in negotiable

securities. Ryan has \$100,000,000, the Harriman estate has \$125,000,000, Belmont & Co. have \$150,000,000, and so on. Now there are heirs to these estates who are yet under twenty-one years of age. But their minorship does not nullify their ownership. The estate is ready and waiting for them—if perchance in the vicissitudes of Wall Street’s roaring river they should not be washed away before the time—and when they cross the threshold of manhood and womanhood, their wealth will be given to them. In some such way, Paul thinks of the waiting immediacy of our new house. Before the last pulse-beat had died into stillness, before the headsman’s axe had wholly cleaved his head from his body, even while his last breath was drying upon his motionless lips, Paul the magnificent, Paul the Christian gladiator, Paul the world-thinker and world-doer, Paul the Christian-winged immortal had already moved into his new home, a millionfold more splendid than Nero’s Golden House, and he began at once, I have no doubt, to help God and Christ and men and angels shine up heaven for you and me!

Let us away, then, with that old teaching of psycho-pannychism, that when the body dies the soul goes to sleep and does not wake up until the resurrection of the body. Why, Socrates was a better Christian than that. He challenged them to bury him if they could catch him. “This day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise” is the way in which our

Lord opens the kingdom of heaven to all believers. Was it not into this very pulpit that Lyman Beecher, having suffered mental eclipse in his old age, came one day after a great sermon by his great son, and began to wander in his talk. Gently placing his hand upon his venerable father's shoulder, did not your golden-mouthed Henry Ward say: "My father is like a man who, having long dwelt in an old house, has made preparations for entering a new and larger home. Anticipating a speedy removal, he sent on beforehand much of his soul-furniture. When later the day of removal was postponed the interval seemed so brief as to render it unnecessary to bring back his mental goods." And I think the three of them—Paul, Lyman Beecher, and Henry Ward—have all increased their "mental goods" so much since going from earth to heaven, that we ought, this night, to sing with lustier voice Tennyson's love-chant and life-tune:

"Love is and was my lord and king,
And in his presence I attend
To hear the tidings of my friend,
Which every hour his couriers bring.

"Love is and was my king and lord,
And will be, tho' as yet I keep
Within the court on earth and sleep
Encompassed by his faithful guard,

"And hear at times a sentinel
Who moves about from place to place,
And whispers to the worlds of space,
In the deep night, that all is well."

A second characteristic of our new house is its architecture. “We have a building from God, a house not made with hands.” We include architecture among the fine arts, thinking of Indian, Chinese, Babylonian, Egyptian, Grecian, Roman, and Gothic forms. With joy we recount the names of great architects—Alberti, Bramante, Michelangelo, Sir Christopher Wren, Percier, Semper, Latrobe, Richardson, Gilbert, and Burnham. Our earth is adorned with buildings which have dropped from the hands, brains, and imaginations of these men. In this era of machinery we appreciate hand-made things. But the architecture of our immortal house is so fine and strong and spiritual that all the architects of all the ages could not have dreamed it or imagined it, much less outlined it on paper.

New Yorkers have been interested in the recovery of Dr. Mayo, one of the two world-famous surgeons of Rochester, Minn., who was operated on in the Presbyterian Hospital a few weeks ago. But they are not the only Mayos in America, proud as we are of them. In the hills of Eastern Kentucky is a man by the name of John C. C. Mayo. Both a dreamer and a pragmatist, he began in his boyhood to study the formation of the mountains in which he was born. Year in and year out he toiled on his dream of seeing their vast coal deposits shipped to the open markets of the world. His dream has come true, and with it the birth of another American millionaire. But my friend Mayo is more than a

rich man, smothering to death beneath his gold. He is building churches and schools in his native valley, and he has just completed a \$250,000 residence. But his home, palatial in its appointments, is not big enough for the real John Mayo, nor would it be spacious enough for the humblest mountaineer. The simple truth is, immortal souls require immortal houses. We must have bodies equal to the capacities of our souls, and they are not hand-made, either, because God alone can build them. O, what outlooks and uplooks and inlooks are begotten in the soul by Paul's Christ! What enchanting visions, what inspiring realities, what mysteries that angel eyes try in vain to burn through!

"Think, when our one soul understands
The great Word which makes all things new—
When earth breaks up and Heaven expands—
How will the change strike me and you
In the House not made with hands?"

A third characteristic of our new house is its durability. Paul describes it as "eternal." It would be foolish enough to try to measure the content of this word in its relation to the ongoing Christian life. But in a world full of change and shock and tragedy and coming and going, the thought of a vivid, celestial everlastingness of worthwhile values sheds its sunlike splendour down upon the heart, warming it into sweet good cheer and contagious bravery. The old philosopher was not greatly

wrong when he spoke of all things being in a state of flux, for the flowing tide of changeable being is always on, and sometimes it rolls in upon our human shores in breaking, billowing seas of mystery and terror. Stevenson confessed that the longer he lived the less able he was to get used to the strange ways of this world. But does not his confession voice a prophetic longing for enduring relationships that will be eternally greatened and infinitely satisfied? Last October I told my friend good-bye at the Hoboken piers. Setting out upon his journey around the world, his last words were: “Pray for us.” Five weeks later, ten thousand miles from home, he fell back into the arms of death as into those of a guardian angel, for whom he had waited with broken heart for more than ten years. Sad beyond all description was that six weeks’ journey of his beloved companion and her brother, across the far-stretching liquid streets and through ocean storms, to friends and Brooklyn. The swift change, the long trip, the sorrowful homecoming are like a grief-smitten dream. Yet the minister aboard the vessel upon which my friend died, was never more Christlike and Pauline than when he prayed that “his sudden death might be to him sudden glory.” While the tent was taken quickly down, the tenant moved just as quickly into his eternal dwelling. Absent from the body is to be at home with the Lord, and, therefore, to die is gain indeed in all the higher reaches of life and being.

The final characteristic of our new house is its quality and location. "We have a house not made with hands, eternal, in the heavens." Upon this passage Professor James Denney writes: "When Paul says that we have this house in the heavens, it is plain that it is not heaven itself; it is a new body which replaces and surpasses the old. It is in the heavens in the sense that it is God's gift; it is something which He has for us where He is, and which we shall wear there." If, then, it is a new body surpassing the old, it is of wondrous quality, and if it is something which God has for us where He is, "and which we shall wear there," there must be some sort of location somewhere—an environment, if you please—conditioned to the quality of the new body. We smile at those who talk of a heaven with literal golden streets and literal jasper walls, because these things symbolize an unutterable reality. Still, the danger of materializing heaven, of making it a kind of refined flesh-and-blood abode, is scarcely greater than that of "metatherealizing"—to borrow a phrase of F. W. H. Myers—heaven into a gilded fogbank or a rainbowed nebulousity. When I think of the resurrection-body of Jesus, I have some conception of the quality of our new house; and until I know more of the swiftly unfolding possibilities of the universe of unconscious brute matter—such as the ion, the electron, the taom, the Roentgen rays, and radium—I am unprepared to say that I think it is impossible for the great God,

with His myriad millions of worlds containing properties of which we know practically nothing, with infinite wisdom to conceive and omnipotent power to execute, with love to constrain and eternity in which to do, to construct a city in which Christian citizens may dwell in their new houses along the celestial whiteways of the New Jerusalem!

With Paul, then, let us be of good courage. How all these things may be cannot be fully told in “matter-moulded forms.” But we do know this: We are condensed mysteries—luminous personalities flashing forth the suppressed brilliance of Deity—whose expanding life will break out in ever new and heavenly beauties to harmonize with all the holy splendour which is yet to be revealed in God’s boundless universe. Why, if I refused to believe in the heaven-life on account of its present mysteries to me, I should not take another step, nor utter another word, nor sleep another night; for these ordinary things, upon reflection, are profound mysteries, and are possible only after God had worked upon this earth for numberless ages.

Last Monday morning I witnessed a lovely picture. In my friend’s dining-room are several blooming plants. His house is like his soul in that light streams into it from all sides. So, as the glory of dawn streamed into the room, his little granddaughter, with golden hair and cherry-red cheeks, stood pouring water from a glass down upon a begonia. After watering the plant, she said: “Now

I'll put it in the sun." What a chain of mysteries—a glass of water, a pot of dirt, a blooming plant, a shining sun, a radiant child! Suppose I had begun talking to her about the chemistry of nature. With beaming face, I think she would have answered: "But I'm going to put this pretty flower in the sun." Suppose I had repeated to her the scientist's statement that a thimbleful of sea-water contains a population of living creatures greater in number than all the human beings who have been born into this world since it rolled out of the fire-mist untold geological ages ago. Still I think she would have replied: "I'm going to put this flower in the sun." And if you ask me how can these heavenly things be, I reply: "See how a little water, a few spoonfuls of dirt, and a genial sun, all working together upon a little dead seed, can woo and win it into the breathful sweetness and stainless vermillion of a flower." But better than any analogy in the heavens or upon the earth are the spirit-rhythmed words of Him to whom the universe hath yielded up all its riddles: "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God: believe also in Me. In My Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you; for I go to prepare a place for you." Happy, therefore, the man who lives so well that, in dying, his life becomes a thing of vast beginnings. Not Death, but Life, is the great word in the Christian's vocabulary. Charles Kingsley—poet, preacher, scientist—once planted

some trees at Eversley, and now his dust sleeps beneath their kindly shade. Is it possible that ours is a universe in which trees—without thought and without feeling—live on and on, while the imperial soul that planted them has perished? The better heart of man indignantly repudiates such an iron creed! “Death, beautiful, wise, kind Death,” asked Kingsley, “when will you come and tell me what I want to know?” Not long before his passing, his daughter heard him, unconscious of any human presence, shout aloud: “How beautiful God is!” So, as Milnes suggests, do beautiful souls pass from beauty to beauty, constant to a constant change!

Thus will we sing Frederick Lawrence Knowles’s song of our old house and the new:

“This body is my house—it is not I:
 Herein I sojourn till, in some far sky,
 I lease a fairer dwelling, built to last
 Till all the carpentry of time is past.
 When from my high place viewing this lone star,
 What shall I care where these poor timbers are?
 What though the crumbling walls turn dust and loam—
 I shall have left them for a larger home!
 What though the rafters break, the stanchions rot,
 When earth has dwindled to a glimmering spot!
 When thou, clay cottage, fallest, I’ll immerse
 My long-cramped spirit in the universe.
 Through uncomputed silences of space
 I shall yearn upward to the leaning Face.
 The ancient heavens will roll aside for me,
 As Moses monarch’d the dividing sea.
 This body is my house—it is not I;
 Triumphant in this faith I live, and die.”

THE ENCHANTED PURSUIT

"Follow after love."—I. COR. XIV: 1.

THERE is an enchantment without sorcery, a charm without magic, a fascination without witchcraft. It is the enchantment of faith, the charm of hope, the fascination of love. Tartini was one of the great violinists of the world. He perfected the art of bowing, wrote eighteen concertos for five instruments, and composed many trios and sonatas. Dying at almost fourscore, he left a treatise on music discussing the strange acoustic phenomenon called "the third sound," which is the production of a third note in harmony when the bow has struck only two notes. Now, the Thirteenth Chapter of First Corinthians answers to "the third sound" of harmony. Sweet as a dripping rain of silver dew, it has the strength of great mountains, the fire of volcanoes, the rage of wind-swept seas, the light of sun-bathed dawns, and the roll of thunder-voiced storms. Trees are said to draw nineteen-twentieths of their substance from the air. Naturally, one would suppose a larger proportion of a tree's life came from the soil in which

it is rooted. However this may be, one is safe in saying that about nineteen-twentieths of this love-chapter are drawn out of the upper spiritual airs. Harnack says it is "the greatest, strongest, deepest thing Paul ever wrote." Would it be too much to say that it is the greatest, strongest, deepest thing any man ever wrote?

Interesting, indeed, are the various formulas in which men have cast their philosophies of life. Arthur Schopenhauer said: "It is the Will to Live." Frederick Nietzsche said: "It is the Will to Power." William James said: "It is the Will to Believe." And there is great truth in each formula. But as the sun drinks up the morning dew, Christian Paul says: "Life is the Will to Love." In his Huxley Lecture, Henri Bergson asked: "What are we? What are we doing here? Whence do we come and whither do we go?" These are great questions demanding great answers, but Christianity is not found wanting. What are we? We are the sons of God. What are we doing here? We ought to be Christian lovers. Whence do we come? From the heart of infinite love. And whither do we go? To the heart of infinite love.

This is the reality Paul urges us to pursue. The conclusion of a master mind, it is the reasoned conviction of a soul that placed all men count dear in one side of the scales of life and love in the other. Seeing that love outweighs everything else, he calls

men to the enchanted pursuit, saying: "Follow after love."

I

When Paul says that love is superior to the gift of tongues, to eloquence, to linguistic attainments, he uses no ordinary comparisons: "If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love, I am become sounding brass, or a clanging cymbal." What, then, is a loveless man like? Sounding brass! And what are loveless angels like? Clanging cymbals! O, what similes! Soundless, unsmitten brass is at least endurable. It may occupy space which could be put to better use. Still it has the virtue of being quiet, jarless, ungrating. So, too, an unstruck cymbal or an unblown trumpet—these may be gratefully tolerated for their silence. But what ear-splitting, nerve-racking, soul-shivering instruments when separated from the great orchestra!

Yet a human tongue, pronouncing the most correct religious phraseology, skilled in speaking many tongues, trained in all the arts of a smooth and moving eloquence—even such a tongue, that has not back of it a strong, tender, pure, Christ-tuned heart of love, is as discordant in the finer melodies and higher tones of the universe as sounding brass in a company of Haydns, Mozarts, and Beethovens! But, passing from the human to the angelic, Paul says one may even speak with the tongues of angels,

and, if love be not the fountain whence their speech and music flow, then angels have indeed fallen into great gulfs of discord, wherein clanging cymbals of anarchy are in full swing.

Love, then, is better than anything the tongue can do: more eloquent than eloquence, more melodious than music, more certain of speaking the last word in the supreme issues of destiny than all the tongues of men and of angels. Thinking of Leonora D'Este, Tasso said: "Eloquence played round her lips, like the zephyr breathing over roses." But if her speech was not saturated with love's perfume, then that wondrous eloquence, like the lips which have been drifting dust for more than four centuries, cannot survive in a universe whose world-rhythms are pitched by the tuning-fork of love. For a loveless heart means a tuneless life, and both are unpardonable discords in the great Christian melody. The chronoscope measures time in terms of a thousandth of a second. The experimenter readily determines how long it takes a certain mind to perceive a light or a sound and to react upon his perception. Moreover, he measures the length of time it takes to discriminate between two colours or sounds. Thus this delicate mechanism enables the scientist to learn something of the quickness of one's mental activity. But far more finely adjusted than the chronoscope is that invisible, spiritual something named the heart-throb, which measures the highest quality of being either God or man can know.

And what is it? Why, it is love, which, as Dante says, "moves the sun in heaven, and all the stars." Passing through regions of eternal pearls, pioneering in realms of diamond-like splendours, Dante found Paradise itself one great white rose, in whose petals the peace of God was deposited by angels, "their wings of gold, their robes white as snow, their faces radiant as pure flame." And it was in these upper airs that Dante heard Beatrice say: "Thou seest that the reason hath short wings." Ah, yes, short are the wings of reason, but love's white wings are of measureless lengths. They soar higher, descend lower, fly farther, wing faster, and last longer than any carriers but the thoughts of God Himself. The poetry is good, but the truth is better in those lines we learned in our childhood:

"The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one;
Yet the light of a bright world dies
With the dying sun.
The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done."

And Paul believed that the light of all worlds would go out, were it not for the love that wheels suns and stars through space, and sustains men and angels in duty, goodness, beauty, and truth.

So, if you cannot talk like Demosthenes and Cicero, if you cannot sing like choiring cherubim,

you need not be discouraged, because you can do something greater still: *you can love*. Love God, love men, love mercy, love justice, love reality, love simplicity, love truth, amid all the wrong and stain of the world love more and more the fairness and beauty of right, and in the Great Assize your life will outtalk any angel or any orator, if their hearts were strangers to love. O, follow after love! It is the one pursuit that will never lose its enchantment, the one task that will always yield new and soul-deep satisfactions, the one goal toward which all redeemed intelligences must ever fly, because God is love.

II

But even higher than the gift of tongues, in the early Church, was the gift of prophecy. Now, prophecy does not mean merely to foretell; it forth-tells—tells out of the soul those transplendent spiritual illuminations which are the reflected shine of the Indwelling Holy Spirit, the utterless thought of Deity traced in rainbowed glory upon the tablets of being. Wonderful is the gift of prophecy, telling what God has done, what God is doing, what God is going to do! Is there a greater attainment possible to man? You say: “O, if I could only be like one of the major prophets or like one of the holy apostles, life would be so different.” So it would indeed. If we had more of their unconquerable spirit, more of their lofty moral daring, more

of their fire-tested and flame-tempered heroism, life would be different to us and to all men.

And yet, in a far deeper sense, God does not want you to be *like* any prophet, apostle, martyr, saint, born or unborn, living or dead. Stars differ in glory, and so do humans. Unlike anybody else, and yet a forthputting of the processional of the divine life in the souls of men, God does want you to be—not a major prophet nor a minor prophet—but a Christian lover, a Christlike man, a Christlike woman. The myriads who have thronged up the steps of light have reached nothing higher than Christlikeness, and they never will. Gazing into the glory of an evening sky, a little child said: “Mother, I know what makes it so; God gets beneath it and shines through it.” It is the Christ-shen getting beneath and behind men that makes them flame with more than sunset brilliance! And these will shine on, when the light of stars is quenched and suns are blown out!

Yet, are we not reminded, just here, that it is possible to prophesy, to cast out devils, to do many mighty works in the name of the Lord, and be finally repudiated by the Lord? How is such a thing possible? Well, the judgments of God are a great deep, and so is human nature. It is here we get profound insight into the rare powers, perplexities, and complexities of man. Man is so wonderful a creature that he may be used as an instrument for producing the higher tones of life

and the universe, and yet, in the concealed depths of his personality, be as discordant as sounding brass or a clanging cymbal. It was this that made John Bunyan ask, after studying this chapter: "Is it much to be a fiddle?" It was this that caused Paul to confess: "I buffet my body, and bring it into bondage: lest by any means, after that I have preached to others, I myself should be rejected." For love, says Christ, not the gift of tongues or prophecy, is the convincing proof of discipleship: "By this shall all men know that ye are My disciples, if ye have love one to another." Why, this is our Lord's new commandment, which is the last and ultimate law of the universe, because it interprets the nature of God.

And it will always be new because it will always be true. Older than worlds, it is newer than the lilt of morning birds, newer than these welcome patches of spring green, already throwing their emerald kisses back at the sun, newer than childhood's laughter, newer than woman's snow-white dreams of purity, newer than the chimes of immortal hope pealing in the deeps of man's soul. Here in Brooklyn, last summer, ten peddlers were fined two dollars each for peddling without licenses. Unable to pay their fines, they were being driven away to prison. Just then began a race in which the angels must have been eager to join. A six-year-old girl, panting with the heat, raced through the street after that patrol wagon. One of the

peddlers was her grandfather. She said to the magistrate: "I have no father or mother. I have no one but my grandfather, and I'm afraid he will die of heat in that cell. I have a lot of money of my own that you can have." Then the child produced a toy bank and poured out a shower of small coins—\$1.04 in all. Having a heart of flesh, the judge sent the grandfather home with the child. Now, she had said, "I have a lot of money." No, not much money! Still, she had a lot of the coin which will retain its purchasing power in the upper marts of reality when stocks and bonds and silver and gold shall have become so impotent as to be almost counterfeit. Whether we believe it or not, we live in a universe in which a lot of love is better than a lot of money!

And every century, every generation, every year, every sundown, every sundawn, every heart-throb—all are bringing us nearer that epoch and epic of the worlds, when we shall have to bow the knee and confess that the soul's eternally enchanted pursuit is love—righteous, deep, delicate, strong, Christlike love!

"All of the joy in a wild bird's nest,
 All that God hid in a violet's breast,
 All the soft wonder of twilight and star,
 All that white caravans bring from afar,
 All the wealth brought to earth from heaven above—
 All are yours as the gift of Christ's love."

III

As Paul mounts in his hymn, he also lifts his scale of values. The gifts of tongues and prophecy are good, but knowledge is better still. The men who know will always command position. A speck of grey matter will outweigh a ton of solid matter. With the blooming of dirt into thought, we witness the apotheosis of thinking and feel the nearness of the Eternal Thinker. Still, the foundations of the world are not built upon brains. Heart-throbs will outwear brain-flashes. Knowledge may come and wisdom linger, and the world still creep along; but if love stays away, the wheels of being soon slow down, and then stop.

One way to prove, with Paul, that love is better than knowledge, is to line up the thinkers themselves. They make it self-evident. Take that Greek trio—Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle. They seem to be intellectual bandits, invading the world, pitching their camp everywhere, making their den in the brain of the race. And yet, recalling these noble pagans, we somehow feel that the biggest thing about them is not their systems nor their thought-processes, but that songful something which Professor James calls the tune at the back of their brains. Like Mar-*pe*ssa, Infinity broods upon them; their thoughts are full of whispers, lights, and shadows; there is a voice behind like unto “what the sea has striven to say so long, and yearnèd up the cliffs to tell.” What

is the uncatalogued reality throbbing through these high souls but love, a beam from the Light Who lighteth every man coming into the world? Francis Bacon, too, enforces Paul's argument. What splendid audacity trembles in his words to one of Queen Elizabeth's counsellors: "I have taken all knowledge to be my province." But ruthlessly separating the petal of knowledge from the rose of love, he later affirmed: "I have not taken all honesty to be my practice."

Sydney Smith, speaking of William Whewell, Master of Trinity College, said that "science was his forte and omniscience his foible." Whewell was supposed to know something about everything, and everything about some things. Two fellows of Trinity, determined to get beyond the master's range, introduced the subject of Chinese metaphysics, for which they had made careful preparation. Whewell listened in respectful silence. At last he modestly said: "Young gentlemen, I see you have been reading a paper I wrote for an Encyclopedia of Science." And yet this great scholar's knowledge, vast as it was, was quite secondary to the vaster love that atmosphered his being. An unfeignedly religious man, he climbed to the snows of age wearing the Christian lover's unfading flower upon the garments of his soul. Certainly one of the brainiest groups of men of the nineteenth century was the group known as "The Cambridge Apostles." Such names as Arthur Hallam, Alfred

Tennyson, John Sterling, Henry Lushington, William Brookfield, and Frederick Maurice appear in this brilliant galaxy. Yet their biographer says: "Remarkable as were the mental powers of each one of this dazzling group, it is not his genius which strikes one first and most forcibly, but his greatness of heart, his extraordinary capacity for loving and need of being loved." According to intellectualism itself, greatness of heart is superior to sparkle of genius. When Goethe said that the great artist is not afraid of the commonplace, he scarcely hinted the truth. The simple fact is, there has never been a great artist, nor is one possible, who did not love the commonplace; who, even though he may have been temperamentally a snobocrat, did not have the power of interpreting the familiar commonplaces of life in colour, or melody, or speech. We live in a marvellously democratic universe indeed, and the love which veins it through refuses to have it turned into a snobocracy. The sure standard of a man's greatness is the measure of inspiration he imparts; and, therefore, it is equally sure that a frozen intellect, unthawed by love's sun, is soon lost amid the glooms of its own long, arctic nights. For without love, knowledge becomes fossilized, and mere intellectual power, in words and things, goes "sounding on its dim and perilous way." It is true, as Lamb suggested, that one may go through life "lame, but lovely." No matter about the lameness, if only loveliness be a window in our house of love! I

like that epitaph of John Richard Green: "He died learning." But without presumption, and in the light of this chapter, you may write a greater: "He died loving." Most nobly and discriminatingly has it been said: "In things secular we must know in order to love, in things spiritual we must love in order to know."

IV

Without further following Paul's contrasts—as to why love is better than even faith, or hope, or philanthropy, or martyrdom—let us now consider the secret of love's superiority. If love be the greatest thing in the universe, the highest quality of the Godhead, the final attainment of humanity, what makes it so, what are the underlying reasons thereof? The answer is not far to seek. It is in the heart of the chapter, but it is in the bodies, minds, and souls of men. On its human side, one of the unmistakable marks of love's superiority lies in the fact that it is so hard to practise. Cheap investments yield cheap dividends. Easy things come easy, but high things come hard. So, if you think Paul is spinning rhetoric, lauding vacuity, hymning sentimentalism, you have missed the essence of his truth. No: love is not easy. Love does not gush nor loll nor whine nor loaf. Love is not red in fang or claw; yet love is terrible, awful, sublime. It hunts the sin in man's soul until it finds none. Many, it is to be feared, are resting their heads upon the mushroom of mere

sentiment, which is responsible for their unworthy conception of love's majesty and strength.

Now, love is the most severely practical thing we know. Drawing a golden circle around the universe, yet love is full of rigid economies, in the practice or non-practice of which we may readily take our true soul-height. "Love suffereth long." Do you, do I? "Love is kind." Are you, am I? "Love envieth not." Envy is one of the little serpents which gets coiled up in the heart's casket of gold. And when love's fingers open the jewel case, they find fangs instead of gems. "Love vaunteth not itself." Do I swagger, are you a braggart? Recalling his speech before Pompey, Cicero said to Atticus: "Good heavens! how I showed myself off before my new hearer, Pompeius!" Love does not show itself off. Do you, do I? "Is not puffed up." The Corinthians were purse-proud. When they acted as if dollars talked, Paul said: "I am coming to Corinth soon; and I will know, not the word of the puffed-up—the money-proud—but the power. For the kingdom of God is not in word, but in power." The Corinthian gates of brass have long since rusted and fallen from their hinges, but Paul's words live on—glorious spiritual gates opening into the City of God. "Love doth not behave itself unseemly." Noble manners are the fruits of noble minds, and noble minds are the branches of Love's True Vine. For Christ Himself is the original of Paul's masterpiece.

Let none of us say, therefore, that love is easy—a pale, backboneless something devoid of the ghost of principle. Love is difficult just because it is so lofty. Think you that the prophets, martyrs, teachers, and servants of the race learned and taught their life-lessons without effort, without struggle, without heartbreak? And yet were they not simply walking the fiery ways of love? A violet is a piece of perfumed floral velvet plus the solar system. And a Christian is a man plus the inliving Christ—God's full-grown man—a martyr, a thinker, a prophet he may be, but a lover he must be! Already the spring-tide, with its bugling south-wind music, is upon us. O, what a vision, as we stand just now upon that mystic verge between the white of winter and the green of spring! Already the noiseless tide of life is rolling in from the soundless, foamless deeps of being. Stealing quietly along the roots of trees and plants, the cosmic tide will soon break into a billow of pink, white, and yellow blooms.

Why, the whole plant world is this moment translating the unlanguageed flow of life into odour, blossom, and fruit. And in the upper, spiritual world the billowing tides of love are ever flowing out from the heart of God. They fertilize every faculty; they unify all worthwhile ideals; they harmonize all true works and workers; they sweeten the speech of all tongues; they fulfil all noble prophecies; they explain all martyrdoms; they transfigure all hopes, and, at last, thank God, they will lift all souls worthy

of soulhood into those white, clear-shining regions where faith and hope shall be wings bearing Christian lovers ever onward into the dear, deep heart of God! O, let us, by the mercies of Christ, follow after love, because love is the soul's immortal pursuit, life's richest attainment, and heaven's highest vocation.

“When the last day is ended,
 And the nights are through;
 When the last sun is buried
 In its grave of blue;
 When the stars are snuffed like candles,
 And the seas no longer fret;
 When the winds unlearn their cunning,
 And the storms forget;
 When the last lip is palsied,
 And the last prayer said;
 Love shall reign immortal
 While the worlds lie dead!”

XI

CHRISTIANIZED MEMORY

"And they remembered his words."—ST. LUKE XXIV:8.

UPON these first disciples the blinding rain of terrible gloom had fallen. The experiences through which they had passed first terrorized, then stunned, and ultimately overwhelmed them. Their white ship of hope had gone to pieces on that hidden rock named a tomb. It was here that all the spiritual sailors on life's sea had met their doom, and were they alone to avoid the final dismay? Calvary answered in unmistakable negative, and Joseph's tomb prolonged the answer, drawing out the tragic tones into full and dreadful speech. "Death is still king," they said, as they went to the sepulchre with their spices on that first Easter dawn. "We had indeed hoped that a new morning had broken over the hills of time, but alas! our hope is vain and our despair is well founded."

It is but the sober truth to say that the disciples were a sad, disconsolate company. We may picture them in darkest hues, for the ache of their sorrow still throbs through the written words describing it.

Yet is there a reason for their despair. It is the reason which invariably plunges men and women into spiritual gloom. That reason is this: *The disciples sought a dead Christ*. Going in quest of a dead Saviour, we shall always come away disappointed. To find the grave of God is a lonely task, and the shadow of its loneliness darkens the vision that pursues it. God is not the God of the dead, but of the living; and the divine life broke into clear, triumphant speech in Joseph's garden. Then did the thought of God become articulate in deep golden tones. "Why seek ye the living among the dead?" Not inappropriately did Mary suppose the Risen to be the gardener. Ah, yes, the Gardener is ever working in His garden. He rests not, neither does He weary. He comes to root out the dark plant of death. Christ's garden is fenced with stars and vocal with angelic speech. All blossoming realities are there, fragrant with deathless perfume. Every inch of it, from the frailest weed to the remotest galaxy, is astir with life. There is room for everything else but the grave. This unnatural wound has no ultimate place in the economy of the universe. Therefore, it must be healed, once and for all. And had not all history, all prophecy, all events looked forward to this curative, healing hour? Abraham had visioned it; Moses had foretold it; Bethlehem had chanted it; Nazareth had dreamed it; temple court, lake shore, and grave side had preached it. But now that the hour has

struck, why have the disciples missed its message? Why, for the very reason that you and I are continually missing it: They had either disbelieved it or forgotten it. "*And they remembered His words!*" It is like a sunburst at midnight, like June in December, like health after sickness. It is, so to speak, the operation of the law of Christianized memory; it is the fulfilment of the words in the upper room when, speaking of the ministry of the Holy Spirit, the Master said: "He shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you." The supreme worth of minds perpetually sunned in the illuminating splendour of the Holy Spirit, of memories quickened by the fertilizing, quivering power of Christ's words—this is our theme.

I

Supremely, we must remember Christ's words about God. Our Lord excels in the subject-matter of His teaching. Other teachers hold their position as expounders of essential, and yet, in a sense, secondary truths. Socrates was a question-box into which the pre-Christian centuries dropped their queries. Plato was the wonderland of human dreams, and all noble idealists have camped in Plato-land. Aristotle was an encyclopedia of the ancient world, and his big mental fingers have relaxed their mistaken grasp of things but slowly.

Homer was a blind nightingale, and he still sings the heroism of the antique and far-away. Dante was the solemn jailer of the Middle Age. He carried a key to the bottomless pit as well as a key to the golden doors of heaven. When he blew his trumpet of melody, both demons and angels answered his call. Shakespeare was humanity's fully accredited detective. His unerring imagination carried him into the haunted rooms of human life. After communing with ghosts, he translated their speech into the Shakespearean tongue, which has a flavour all its own. Newton found a multi-universe—worlds on worlds running wild and stampeding space with their meaningless fury. Inventing a vast string called gravity, he gave one end of it an intellectual toss into infinity, linked all systems together, and then, bringing end to end, he tied a knot in his invisible string relating the whole. All these august servants of the race have made mankind their debtors. We may count it a privilege to have been born into the same world with them. Important as their service unquestionably is, yet in the ultimate, we know that it is not of the very first importance. They have told us something about the universe, something of our racial possibilities, something of the wonder and beauty of the world. But there is a still higher, loftier range of knowledge. And that pertains to the Being who created and sustains all these shining systems. What is He like? What is His character? What is His purpose

in making the universe to flower at last into a human being? Who am I, with mystery behind me, weakness within me, the grave before me, and eternity calling me? I want to know Who it is that besets me behind and before. Is He good? Is He wise? Is He loving? Is He willing to stoop to my littleness? Is He patient to endure my deficiencies? These are questions involving the absolutely highest knowledge. Plato had no satisfying answer to them. Confronted by them, Shakespeare and Newton are as little boys, with trousers rolled up to the knees, attempting to wade the Atlantic from shore to shore.

But memory, when Christianized, does not have to wander aimlessly in quest of One who knows. For Christ not only gives us the answer, but Christ is our answer. Remembering His words, we leave our sepulchres behind us and find refuge in the Divine Fatherhood. A new epoch dawned for our human world when, from His mountain pulpit under the Syrian sky, Christ said: "Your Father." He began that day to take the terror from the face of Nature; to woo unbrotherliness from the heart of nations; to brighten the hope of humanity; to rob death of its terror; to set our wondrous life on the heights of being. We speak of God as Eternal, Immutable, Invisible, Incomprehensible, Omniscient, and Omnipresent. Nor would we belittle what theologians call the attributes; but we must not allow them to come between the soul and its Father

God. Men sometimes build such high fences about their estates as to shut off even a glimpse of their homes. Are we not in danger of building such high theological fences about the God of Christ as to miss the alluring paternalness, the winsome fatherliness with which He enriches the character of our Creator? Or, going to the other extreme, is there not peculiar peril just now of denuding the Fatherhood of God of saving reality? Is it not in danger of being sentimentalized into vacuity and robbed of its moral content? Let us not fail of our simple and sublime Christian privilege in this matter. Remembering Christ's words about God as our Father, we are sure of passing into that spiritual verdancy which blossoms more and more unto the eternal spring.

II

Revealing the Divine Fatherhood of the race, Christ also reveals God's special and intimate care for each creature. We either ignore or deny this gracious truth. We saunter jejunely along without religious clearness and precision, which is fatal to efficient spirituality. I sometimes see a van driven through Brooklyn streets bearing these words: "B. G. Hughes & Bro., America." Now, if you had need of a van, how would you like to run down that address? Well, in religious matters, we are quite as ridiculously indefinite. This is the vice of good people and the foolishness of wise ones.

Christ, on the contrary, insists upon spiritual concentration and discourages vague and vapid religious generalization. "The very hairs of your head are all numbered." A letter was received at the New York post-office from across the sea. Its only address was this: "My Son." Not knowing what to do, the authorities just held it. At last there came in a homesick youth and said: "I'm looking for a letter from my mother." The letter and the boy were brought together, and it was found that they were intended for each other. Now God, according to Christ, knows your address: your needs, your hopes, your fears, your joys, your sorrows, your sins, your desires to be better. This is the vision of the Ineffable Goodness which quickens existence into life. Rowing up the Guyan River last summer, I noticed a butterfly floating down stream. Supposing it to be dead, I touched it with my oar, and lo! it suddenly lifted its velvet wings and soared away into seas of sapphire. Many souls have close-folded idle wings. They are adrift upon the high seas of life. Then, in some luminous hour, mayhap the vision splendid flashes out of the invisible. Windows open toward the unseen. Beckoning hands reach from within the homeland of the eternal and fortify by their steadying strength. Urged by the call of the unwithering realities, their unused wings come into play, and the soul that floated, butterfly-like, becomes the soul that flies. Ah! it is when men are ignorant of Christ's words

that they crawl in the dust; it is when we consciously ignore Christ's words that we plunge into black chasms of shame; it is when we supinely forget Christ's words that the old preternatural terrors of the universe come out to haunt us, and life becomes an idiot's tale, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing. When the disciples remembered His words, they forgot their own despair, their own defeat, their own fear. It is always so. When Christ comes, the unchristly must go. It is the law of cause and effect. Are you, my dear friends, cultivating a Christianized memory? It is one of the superlative achievements of which a human being is capable. Christ is God's humanized smile upon the face of the universe; and that smile would enfold you within its loving favour. I may hunt for God in nature, and miss Him; but God assuredly hunts for me in Christ, and finds me, as He whispers: "Your Father knoweth whatsoever things you have need of, before you ask him." Thus, fronting eternity with solemn assurance and immeasurable expectations, we face the dusty tasks of every day with freshened vigour and growing assurance, knowing that the ephemeral is interpenetrated by the eternal.

III

Another application of our truth is seen in Christ's words about personal worth. Next to the

divine personality is the human. "Even when we reach the climax of ancient civilization in Greece and Rome," says Illingworth, "there is no adequate sense, either in theory or practice, of human personality as such." Bringing the human personality into conscious, mutual, and holy relations with the divine is the mission of Christ. He claims this as His inviolable prerogative. It is repeatedly expressed in the Gospels, but never more grandly than in the eleventh of St. Matthew. Keim considered this the pearl of all the Master's teachings. But when the floors of the Christian sea are strewn with pearls, who shall say which is the more lustrous? The passage reads: "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou didst hide these things from the wise and understanding, and didst reveal them unto babes: yea, Father, for so it was well-pleasing in thy sight. All things have been delivered unto me of my Father: and no one knoweth the Son, save the Father; neither doth any know the Father, save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son willeth to reveal Him."

Whatever else these great words mean, they certainly mean this: Christ so relates the soul to God that only thus can it realize the higher tones and capacities of its mysterious nature. Failing of this, we fail of that for which we were created, and the result is arrested personality. And this, in our Lord's view, is a tragedy of irreparable moment. All other questions combined become small

over against this one: "What shall a man be profited, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his life? or what shall a man give in exchange for his life?" When the supreme good has been bartered away, what can restore the equilibrium signified by personal worth? For a man gone wrong posits a world out of joint, though only he himself may be guilty of the wrong-going. Standing at right angles with life, he has simply missed his vocation, which was to be omnipotently alive, and, therefore, individually and socially serviceable.

Are we not in special need of remembering Christ's words concerning personal worth at this time? Unless we maintain a just balance between our utopian socialism and our stark individualism, we shall become a generation of automatons. Let the new social consciousness, therefore, be tempered with an adequate appreciation of individual values, and let personal worth permeate the great mass movements. Neither the reign of tyranny nor the rule of the mob is Christian. The Kingdom of God is not a kingdom of kings any more than it is a kingdom of anarchists. It is within each soul before it can be in all souls. It is independent of thrones and dinner-pails. It is neither meat nor drink, but righteousness, joy, and peace in the Holy Spirit. But just here is our misplaced emphasis in modern life. On the one hand, we are saying that meat and drink are the essential things—no matter about the Kingdom of God; on the other

hand, we are willing to have righteousness and joy and peace by proxy rather than in the Holy Ghost. How is the Christian equipoise to be realized? Only by remembering Christ's words about personal worth. This is at once the oldest and the newest remedy for human ills because the truest. God capitalizes the individual that he may eventually crown society. He does it, not by the survival of the fittest, but by the revival of the unfit, and so making it fit to survive. The meek shall inherit the earth for the same reason that a painter inherits the sunset or a poet inherits the spring: they are made fit, they are put in tune, they are richly receptive. Both heaven and earth are given away, provided there is anybody to receive them. Grim old Omar tells the exact truth when he says he sent his soul into the invisible for some hint of the great after-life. His soul returned and said: "I myself am heaven or hell." How could it be otherwise? It is utterly impossible, except the universe be a cunning lie. Therefore, Nietzsche's strong man must go down before Christ's good man. "The human mind," says Emerson, "stands ever in perplexity, demanding intellect, demanding sanctity, impatient equally of each without the other." His dream, moreover, was of a poet "who should unite the whiteness and purity of a saint with the power and unction of the sinner, one who should bridge the chasm between Shakespeare and St. John." Well, Emerson's dream came true two thousand years

ago. Bridging the chasm between Shakespeare and St. John, Christ also enables the saint to pass over the bridge into the gardenlands of God; to create a deeper, inner whiteness in his own soul by helping to save the sinner with all the power of the sinner's unction. For saints beget saints with divine contagion when the value of saintliness is taken at its true worth. But there are no impersonal saints. They are intensely personal and immensely vital. The difference between Paul and Plato is neither Jewish nor Grecian, but Christian. Harnack affirms that Luther was great only in his rediscovery of God in the Gospels. In other words, the German monk simply related the one-room cabin of his personality to the Infinite, and the cabin at once took on the dimensions of a thousand-roomed Vatican. Glowing with religious vision, quivering with spiritual growth, inflamed by the personalism of eternity, our spiritual fortune is founded deep in the nature of things. History tells of the creation of one of the world-fortunes. The elder Rothschild knew how much depended upon the issues of the battle of Waterloo. On the morning of June 15, 1815, the London stock market was greatly depressed. But one banker—Rothschild himself—was far away from the financial centre. With the firing of the first gun at Waterloo, he was there. Throughout the hours of that eventful day, he watched the mighty struggle between the French and the English. But when at last Wellington

ton hurled his invincible Scotch soldiers against Napoleon's weakening front, Rothschild knew that victory belonged to the English. Leaping upon the back of a horse, he rode like a wild man for London. Finishing the first horse, he finished a second, and then a third. Reaching the shore, he put out in a small boat, lashed by a raging storm, and reached England. On and on he raced toward London. Concealing his own identity and buying through agents, he took up the depleted stocks twenty-four hours before the tidings of Waterloo had reached the capital. Of course Wellington's triumph restored normal conditions, and of course, also, the far-sighted Jew had founded his vast fortune. Would you create a spiritual estate for time and eternity? Would you take the heavenly tides at the flood? Would you be a distinctive and co-operative personality in the unfolding and infolding universe? Would you find a climate that fits your soul as June atmosphere fits the robin's pinions, as morning's musical air fits the lark's throat? Then I beseech you, my friend, attend to this wondrous teaching of our Lord concerning your personal worth. Believe it heartily. Accept it joyfully. Cling to it tenaciously. Live it enthusiastically. It may take more than one swallow to make a spring; it certainly takes all souls to make a universe. Christ says that you may belong to the goodly society of achieving, victorious souls. Think! God toiled and waited a million ages be-

fore it was possible for you to become a member of the human family. What are you doing with your soulhood? Now is the acceptable moment; to-day is the day of destiny. Heaven is holding its breath over your decision. Face toward the whiteness of the throne; turn your back upon the darkness of the pit. Creation is out on the march toward perfection. You dare not fall out of the ranks by committing spiritual suicide. You must come breast forward to the throne, unashamed in a universe full of inlooking eyes, unaccused by the thousand voices of your own myriad-toned nature, and say: "I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do in the fields of time, O Christ of God. I have realized somewhat my personal worth to Thee and to Thy Father. Through Thy grace I am now ready for higher spheres of endeavour in the sweet eternal societies of the redeemed."

IV

We need, furthermore, to grow a Christianized memory with reference to fidelity. Christ has given inimitable setting to this truth in the twenty-fifth of St. Matthew. We know it as the Parable of the Talents; it is really our Lord's expression of the Law of Fidelity. There is one deep, dark shadow on the picture; it is cast by the one-talent failure. While the five- and two-talent successes create a luminous foreground, this one-talent

traitor darkens the background by his tragical behaviour. And the tragedy is all the deeper when we reflect that he might have received the same measure of divine approval as his more highly gifted fellows. It is here, of course, that the heart of the truth is laid bare. God asks men to be loyal, to be true, to be faithful to the talent or talents committed to them. Mr. Loyal One-Talent is just as precious to God as Mr. Gifted Five-Talents.

But precisely this is what we are constantly forgetting. The five-talent genius either looks down upon the one-talent drudge, or the one-talent drudge looks up to the five-talent genius. Thence the whole world goes off on a tangent; chaos supersedes harmony; the deep-seated unity of life is disturbed by disintegrating multiplicity. Now there is essential need of both the gifted and the ungifted. They help to preserve the balance in creation. But more important than the number of talents we possess, is the spirit of fidelity with which we administer them. He that is faithful in the little is faithful in the large; and he that is unfaithful in the small cannot have the large unequivocally committed to him. The seer furnishes a lofty insight into the character of God when he speaks of Him as a faithful Creator. Our Master was faithful unto death because He was minutely faithful unto life. Fidelity is the text from which the great round world delivers its unending sermon. The foundations of the universe do not rest on stars, but on atoms.

The constellations have their being only because of the loyalty of microscopic and numberless particles. The orchestra of summer requires the song-sparrow not less than the lark, the drone of the bumble-bee as well as the lyric enchantment of the nightingale. The sun that wooes the peony into gorgeous coloration does not despise the little buttercup or the delicate bluet. The blade of grass is not so majestic as the oak; but neither is the oak so meek as his little brother of the soil. The good down-bending sky has room for the ineffable humility of the one as well as for the towering majesty of the other. God's physical army includes battalions of worlds and regiments of electrons; but the march of the whole depends upon the fidelity of each. Alfred Russel Wallace says that the full-grown wing-feather of a bird consists of more than a million distinct parts. But the parts never go on a strike; if they did, there could be no flight. In the great Panhandle section of Texas, I saw for the first time what the natives call the prairie kindergarten. Seeing here and there a single cow with as many as four or five calves, I asked an explanation. My informant said: "You see, a cow here on the plains sometimes goes several miles for water. Being a considerate mother, she does not leave her calf alone, but commits it to the care of her neighbour, Mrs. Brindle or Mrs. Beauty Spot, as the case may be. Other thirsty cows do the same. Soon the cow to which this task is dele-

gated finds herself the duly constituted superintendent of an entire school of calves. She cares for her neighbours' children while they go in search of water. That is what we call the kindergarten of the prairies." Is it not happily named? And does not the patient, dumb fidelity of this sub-human world turn an accusing light upon our own amazing and shameful disloyalties? Our Father wants us to be faithful unto death for two reasons: first, that we may come to full self-realization, and, second, that He may not be deprived of the joy of giving us the crown of life in the worlds beyond. It is a sad day for the age or the man whose material achievement has outrun its spiritual acquisition. And the basis of all worthful progress is unswerving loyalty to the unaging sanctities of life. It is here that Christianized memory may render immeasurable service. Recalling Christ's words about fidelity, and then clothing them in the radiant vestments of gracious and consecrated activity, we move across the hills and valleys of the Real, only to find ourselves each step of the way nearer and ever nearer the rich and blessed Country of the Ideal.

XII

EASTER REVELATIONS

"They found."—ST. LUKE XXIV:2.

"THEY found!" But Someone has made it possible for them to find. In behind their calamities, Someone has been working in silence. True, the brigands of hate and death have been abroad. Yet Someone has been moving noiselessly, though majestically, at the centres of being. Only yesterday all doors were shut in the faces of these love-tuned women. Only yesterday Calvary's crimson rain was falling from clouds of horror. Only yesterday Incarnate Love was slain and buried out of sight. But today! Ah, today is lighting up yesterday's blackness with celestial radiance. Those inky folds of unshot cloud-masses are already aflash with the splendour of fulfilled prophecies. Yesterday the skies seem to be wrought of unyielding iron. Today they are melted down in love's flaming furnace. The fire of love in God's heart hath eaten through that universe of brass. Now the very heavens are weeping tears of joy. For earth is no longer a squalid alley concealed among the back streets of the universe.

Our redeemed planet swings to her place in God's chanting choir of harmonious worlds. "He is not here! He is risen!" From the lowest atom to the tallest angel, that anthem rolls in billows of melody through the echoing spaces. The morning stars lost their song when sin's threnody began. But now Easter morning hath restored that lost chord. Once again the sons of God are shouting for joy. The Triune God—that all-glorious three-flowered hope of the human heart—hath gotten unto Himself a great victory. All hail! Death is dead. All hail! Christ is alive forevermore. Therefore—

"Each angel sweeps his lyre,
And claps his wings of fire,
Thou Lamb once slain!"

We are to think of "Easter Revelations" this morning. And we are to ponder and wonder with glad hearts. Never, I think, should we be more profoundly grateful for revelation than today. We must never depreciate the romance and heroism of discovery. That is one of the excellencies of our humanity. Discovery is human and glorious. But revelation is divine and spiritual, extra-human and eternal. I am aware that today we are fond of asking:

"Who shall draw the mystic line
Severing rightly His from thine,
Which is human, which divine?"

Confessedly, it is not always an easy problem to solve. Yet I am persuaded that the "mystic line,"

distinguishing the divine and the human, is quite definitely drawn in revealed religion. I accept "The Higher Pantheism." But I glory in "The Higher Theism," as manifested by God in the Easter Christ. I am glad that our Lord is truly human. But I am doubly glad that He is truly human and—*divine*. Once He wore our humanity as its uncrowned king. Now He wears it as its God and Saviour. "And upon his head are many crowns."

As you see, our text is short and simple. Yet it is also luminous and mighty. "They found!" Why, it is the wondrous key that opens the doors of the King's Palace! And it will fit every unlocked door in the universe. Now, it is good to have such a key. It is splendid to behold the King's treasures within. But let us remember that the key, the palace, and the gems are all gifts of the King. They are Easter Revelations of our risen Lord. What did those love-garmented women find on that first resurrection morn? Let us see.

I

They found an unsealed sepulchre: "And they found the stone rolled away from the tomb." How to remove that stone, you remember, was the problem of these dawn-women. At Pilate's command, the body of Jesus had been delivered to Joseph and Nicodemus. They wrapped it in a clean linen

cloth. Then they placed it in Joseph's own new tomb. Mary Magdalene and Mary the mother of Joses, sitting over against the tomb, had watched these two secret disciples roll a great stone up to its door. Moreover, the chief priests and Pharisees had asked Pilate to take special precautions that the sepulchre be made sure until the third day. Pilate curtly grants their request. "So they went, and made the sepulchre sure, sealing the stone, and setting a watch." And next morning a small company of women, sweet with love and spices, are coming to anoint the Master's body. On the way they remember that great stone. Their love is white and noble and strong. All heaven is agreed on that. But O, their weak woman's hands! In their great love, they had forgotten their puny physical strength. "And they were saying among themselves, Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the tomb?" So unconscious were they that their problem had already been solved! "And looking up, they see the stone is rolled back!"

Easter, then, is God's pledge for unsealing the mysteries of life. They enshroud us on every hand. The earthward side of our lives may be described as an unbroken journey to sealed tombs. Some of us are journeying through the morning land of youth. Some of us are rushing through the noon-tide of prime. Some of us are on the summits of age. But all of us, young and old, rich and poor, learned and unlearned, saint and sinner, are con-

stantly facing toward sealed mysteries. By the blessing of God, we have picked a few locks. We have solved a few problems. We have won a few secrets from Nature. But strangely enough, the more we win, the more deeply are we impressed by those still unwon. We have to confess that, in large measure, the great problems are all ancient problems. Sin, for example, is not a twentieth-century simulacrum. In our folly, we may be disposed to treat it so. But sooner or later we discover that sin is no sham, no make-believe, no scarecrow posted in the fields of human life. It is black and bleak and deadly. Pain, also, refuses to be anodyned by a theory. In the last analysis, death is just as mysterious for us as for that first throbbless heart. And these questions, I think, appear otherwise only so long as we are the victims of unworthy prepossessions. Once the veneer is stripped away, once the prejudice is mastered by fact, once the scales are fallen from our eyes, then do we see these things in their naked, unvarnished reality. Our sepulchre lies out there in the morning mist not far away. Going thitherward, we say to each other: "Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the tomb?"

Ah! it is just then that the Easter light transfigures our joyless gloom! For Easter whispers: "Look up, and on—not back, nor down! Good Friday's darkness is all agleam with Sunday morning's gold. Your tomb is there, but unsealed. One

hath been there before you. Come, see the place where the Lord lay." Is not this the message which stirs the hearts of countless millions to-day? Without its deathless hope, human life would be one vast sepulchre. But with its measureless power tugging at humanity's heart, men are as dauntless as they are hopeful. In the blazing brilliance of the Easter dawn, no defeat can be accepted as final. No despair can be regarded as permanent. No disease can be pronounced incurable. No mystery can be considered impenetrable. Neither sin, nor death, nor the grave can utterly discourage us. Nay, more: with the uprush of resurrection life in our own spirits, we defy, we dare, we challenge our mightiest foes! And why? *Because the power and wisdom of the risen Christ, surging with omnipotent power through risen lives, and claiming dominion over those as yet unrisen from the death of sin, cannot possibly fail!* It is forever true that—

"Subtlest thought shall fail and learning falter,
Churches change, forms perish, systems go,
But our human needs, they will not alter,
Christ no after age shall e'er outgrow.

"Yea, Amen! O changeless One, Thou only,
Art life's guide and spiritual goal,
Thou the light across the dark vale lonely,—
Thou the eternal haven of the soul!"

Oh, my friend, are you walking midst blinding sorrow, toward a sealed tomb to-day? Have the enemies of your soul, like the enemies of your Lord, sepulchred your dearest hopes? Yea, have

they made the tomb sure? Have they sealed the entrance-stone with the might of worldly authority? Have they set a strong watch of rationalism round about? Then I beseech you, by the majesty and triumph of this Easter morn, look up! That seal shall be broken! Those keepers shall become as dead men in the lap of a divine earthquake! God's sunrise angel, "flashing lightning's light," and robed in raiment white as snow, shall roll away the stone, *and sit upon it!* For the God who is able of stones to raise up children unto Abraham is our God. He can turn tombstones into rocking-chairs! Oh, let His angel unseal your sepulchre today! With the flash of his eye he will smite the seal! With the might of his hand he will toss the stone away! With the breath of his mouth he will warm the stone's chill! With the love of his heart he will upholster its flinty hardness into soft and downy cushions of peace and rest! Thus, may you, too—

"Sing with all the sons of glory,
Sing the resurrection song!
Death and sorrow, earth's dark story,
To the former days belong:
All around the clouds are breaking,
Soon the storms of time shall cease,
In God's likeness, man awaking,
Knows the everlasting peace."

II

They found an empty tomb: "And they entered in, and found not the body of the Lord Jesus."

Now, most tombs are dear to our humanity because of what they contain. I go yonder to Grant's tomb on Riverside Drive. Why do I stand uncovered? Because I remember that the body of a patriot rests there. I stand by the slab marking Livingstone's grave in Westminster Abbey. Why the beating heart and the moistened eye? I remember that here lies as heroic dust as was ever organized into a human body. I visit Beecher's and Talmage's graves in Greenwood. Why does their golden eloquence cry aloud from the ground? The place is holy because their bodies are resting there. And so it is with the graves of father, mother, sister, brother, husband, wife, lover, friend, throughout the wide world. Their entombed dust hallows the place of their entombment. We prize it for what it contains.

But one tomb hath imperishable glory because of its emptiness. It is the tomb of Joseph. It is the tomb visited by the Easter Marys. "They found not the body of the Lord Jesus!" But their discovery, mark you, is primarily God's revelation. Consider this in its twofold significance.

First, the empty tomb is a rock-ribbed, colossal fact. It is this we are insisting upon today. Christ's dead body came out of that tomb. It was like and unlike the buried body. It was identical with, and yet different from, the body placed therein. Theories about it may come and go. But the fact remains. Negations may rise up like dragons' teeth.

But they soon destroy themselves. Spinoza could not believe in the empty tomb because it upset his theory of the universe. "If you will only reconcile all philosophical difficulties concerning that empty grave," say some, "we will accept the fact." But Sabatier thus disillusioned these victimized theorists: "Men who would not admit the miraculous would none the less decisively reject the witness." And Sabatier is right. The victim of an iron-clad theory of the universe cannot see beyond his own tiny intellectual molehill, much less beyond a death-sealed sepulchre. Yet Strauss himself affirmed that the "origin of the disciples' faith is fully accounted for if we look upon the Resurrection of Jesus, as the evangelists describe it, as an external miraculous occurrence." And this is what Christendom does do. It believes the empty tomb to be the miraculous act of Almighty God. "We witnessed of God," says Paul, "that He raised up Christ."

Second: The historic fact has given us our historic faith. And that faith, in its purity, is a conquering, redeeming, comforting faith. Religio-philosophic speculations are constantly changing. They flash from Berlin to Boston. Then they flicker out like candles. But the Christian faith, based upon the historic fact, burns on in quenchless splendour. The hand that sparkles midnight with its brilliant flood of suns is the nail-pierced hand. The hand that takes up the morning stars and makes them chime out their sphere-melodies is the hand

that lifts the gate of death from off its hinges. The hand that unseals the tomb is the very same that leads the risen Saviour out and heaven's "tall angels flaming in." The hand that holds the sea in its hollow is the hand that nestles the saint in its palm. A pain-ridden woman said to me: "It seems that I began limping at the cradle. I reckon I will keep it up to the grave. But, by the grace of God, I mean to stop it on the other side." As she spoke, there gathered over her face a radiant cloud. And that cloud soon burst into a rain of joyful tears. Then the Christ within her seemed to touch the falling shower into a love-rainbow. Its shining beauty adorned her sweet old face with a glory surpassing that seven-coloured arch which I have seen the sun-angel build against a June sky. Only the Easter revelation, with its sovereign fact and august faith, can grow a comforting, inspiring, redeeming joy like that! For the empty tomb is God's assurance that aches, crutches, hospitals, and graves shall be done away. God means to stop them all on the other side!

Meantime, while the sons of God await the redemption of their bodies, the fairest flowers that bloom are springing from the soil of Christ's empty grave. I am not thinking now of our angel-white Easter lily. I am not thinking of our golden-glow chrysanthemum, with its fine velvety finish. Nor am I thinking of the peerless orchid, that radiant blending of morning sunrises and evening sunsets.

Oh, there is one garden fairer than the florist's, my friends. It is our Lord's very own—the soul where groweth the fruit of the Spirit. Behold the unwithering flowers in this garden of the soul: Love, joy, peace, longsuffering, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, meekness, self-control! Are not the most delicate-hued flowers but hintings of the beauty of these Spirit-fruits? And they will grow anywhere. The essential conditions are a willing mind and the risen Lord. This is a verifiable, demonstrable truth. Not long before she went home, I paid my last visit to Bella Cooke. She will always be known as "The Saint of Second Avenue." Untold thousands still remember how they knocked at the side-door of that saloon, were greeted by a growl or an oath from its proprietor, passed through the hallway into the little courtyard, then up a flight of steps into the presence of this great woman of God. Others have washed their hands in burning flames, stepped into fiery chariots, and ridden skyward. But this woman held her hands in hot, unconsuming flames, and opened not her mouth, except in praise. For more than half a century she lay there upon her fiery couch of pain. But oh, what a face, what eyes, what tones in that voice! Why, her prison had been transformed into a mansion of God! I said: "I have come to receive your blessing." Never shall I forget the seraphic smile which played over her noble face as she answered me: "Well, the blessing of the Lord, it maketh

rich, and He addeth no sorrow therewith." Then I knelt by the side of her bed. It was to me a grander altar than that over-canopied by the baldachin of St. Peter's. She prayed, the heavens opened, the showers fell. I came away with an unsung song, a song without words, and yet a song that sings on and on in my soul. As I stood down in the muddy street waiting for a car, my hand drew a small volume from my pocket. Leaving my study, I had snatched up the book to read on the trip. It was Professor John Fiske's essay on "The Idea of God." Standing there in the noisy street, I glanced at the book, then up at the little room where Bella Cooke suffered for more than fifty pain-filled years. Then I said, half aloud: "Up in yonder room lives and breathes about the best 'Idea of God' I have ever seen." Oh, yes! Finer than any picture Raphael ever painted; finer than any statue Canova ever carved; finer than any symphony Mozart ever conceived; finer than any poem Browning ever wrote; finer than anything in earth or heaven, and next to the Lord of Glory, is a fragrant soul, a spiritual garden of the Lord. And forget not that all true and beautiful spiritual gardens are possible only through the empty tomb. One of the supernal distinctions of our Easter Revelation is this: "They found not the body of the Lord Jesus!" .

III

They found the Lord Jesus Himself: "And, behold, Jesus met them, saying, All hail." Here is indeed the crown of the Easter Revelations. For the unsealed tomb and the empty tomb have opened the way to this final "majestic glory" of our faith. Ask Mary Magdalene, ask Simon Peter, ask Saint John, ask the two Emmaus disciples what turned their sorrow into joy, their despair into hope, their defeat into triumph, their death into life, and all make answer: "We have seen the Lord."

"But," says some one, "they had an objective view of Christ. I have had no such privilege. If I could only see and touch and handle Him, my faith would be stronger." Are you altogether sure about that? And, thus speaking, do you realize what manner of spirit ye are of? Are you willing to stand, with Thomas, at the foot of the resurrection class? Now, I am glad Thomas stood there, refusing to go up, until the Teacher answered his question. But my gladness is due not alone to what Thomas saw and heard. I am also unspeakably glad because of what you and I may hear and see and believe. Oh, it is ours to claim *the beatitude of the unseeing believer* today: "Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed." It is the Lord Himself who says it. By faith, our blessedness may transcend the blessedness of those who beheld Him through eyes of flesh!

Believe me, my friends, the Lord Jesus Himself is always meeting His lovers in life's way. They may be in the busy path of Christian service. They may be in the charmed social circle. They may be in the glow of joy's golden zone. They may be in the slough of despond. They may be in the chill of doubt. They may even follow their dearest to God's Acre. No matter what the crisis, no matter what the perplexity, no matter what the apparent defeat, it may ever be said of Christian disciples, because it is the deepest truth of their being: "And, behold, Jesus met them, saying, All hail!" For, since His return to that glory which He had with the Father from before the foundation of the world, our Lord has been constantly coming "to gild the brows that from their dead look up." A woman showed me this memory-jewel. With shining face, she lifted it from the precious casket of her soul's eternal treasure. Her mother, a Christian saint, was passing out of the seen into the unseen. A little grandchild came into the room. This tot's pet name for the dying woman was "Bonnie." Entering the room, she exclaimed: "Oh, what's the bright light on my Bonnie's face? She's so beautiful!" Then the child knelt and prayed: "O Lord, don't take away my beautiful Bonnie. You have so many—I have only one." Smiling, the aureoled woman said: "My child, your Bonnie is not so beautiful as the place where she is going." Turning to her loved ones, she continued: "Children, going through

the valley of shadows is like cutting a path through the grass and flowers. Oh," she exclaimed in ecstasy, "I see a white city on a silver ocean!" Then the daughter, who related the history to me, said: "Mother, it is not death I fear, but the grave." "Ah! my daughter, never fear. The grave has lost its terror since Jesus has lain there. Never think of me as being put into the grave. When my body is being lowered into the tomb, I will be looking on."

Surely, this is the triumphant Easter Gospel. The grave, and everything connected with the grave—sin, death, and hell—all have lost their terror since Christ Jesus burst asunder the iron gates of the tomb! Oh, Christian, fight on, toil on, pray on, hope on! "They found!" And you, too, shall find! Continue to ask, and seek, and knock! All sepulchres shall be unsealed, all tombs shall be emptied, and that same Jesus who hath so often met you here, shall meet and greet you in Yonderland! With all saints, let us join in the universal acclaim:

"Lion of Judah, hail!
 And let Thy name prevail
 From age to age:
 Lord of the rolling years,
 Claim for Thine own the spheres,
 For Thou hast bought with tears
 Thy heritage."

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